

# The SIGN



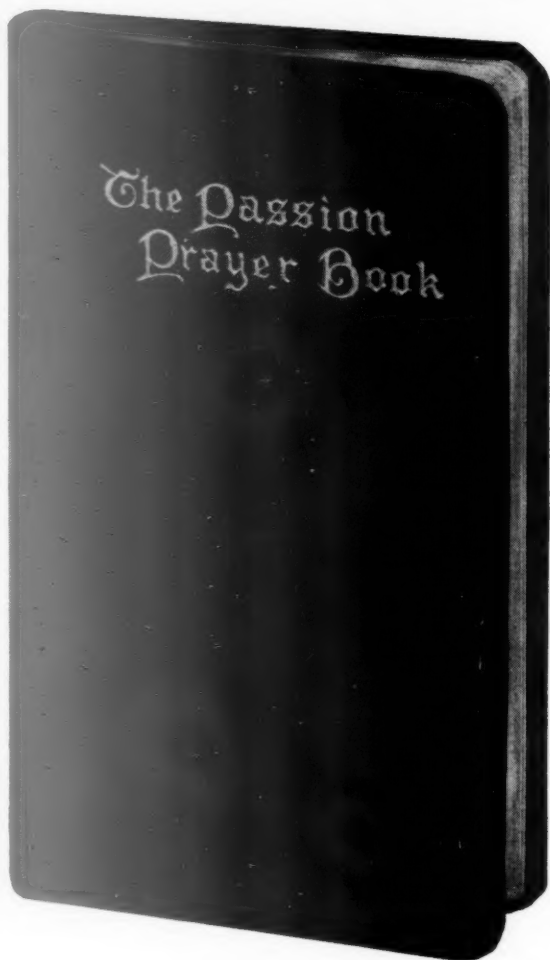
**NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE**



PAN-AMERICA AND WORLD PEACE James A. Magner  
FROM LUTHER TO HITLER - William Thomas Walsh  
WARS BETWEEN STATES - - Catton-Stonborough  
FLYING UNIT - - - - - F. B. Russell  
INSIDE WASHINGTON - - - Joseph F. Thorning  
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# The SIGN



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# Personal MENTION

• NO ONE in this country has proven himself more qualified to speak on *Better Crime Control* than JOHN EDGAR HOOVER, Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. His statement in this issue is one more of those forthright pronouncements that have made his principles as clear as his actions are efficient.

In Washington, D. C.—where he was born—he made his studies for law. Numerous awards and honors have been conferred upon him for his contribution to American life and especially for his achievements in his present position. A member of the Department of Justice since 1917, he has been Director since 1924. National and international recognition have been accorded him for his record there.



John Edgar Hoover

• WE ARE GIVEN the results of FR. JAMES MAGNER's studies on *Pan-America and World Peace* in an article whose importance is emphasized by the trade treaties now under discussion in Congress. The subject of our relationship with the South American countries, so strongly Catholic, is one which will be taken up again in these pages.

The author is no stranger to readers of THE SIGN. For the benefit of our new subscribers we observe that he is a priest of the archdiocese of Chicago. His welcome contributions to the Catholic Press have been many and scholarly.

• COURAGE, love and the adventure of men who ride the skies will be found in *Flying Unit*, a story by F. BOURGEOIS RUSSELL. Native of Tucson, Arizona, where she still resides, our fiction fashioner can find as much exciting material in her ancestry as in her surroundings.

Of New Orleans Catholic Creole blood on her mother's side and New England Quaker on

her father's—she comes from a stock that made pioneering a profession. Geronimo was riding when her Grandfather Bourgeois came to New Orleans. The early Russells fled with their Puritan faith from England to Martha's Vineyard. In turn they were persecuted by their brethren for harboring Quakers. As a result they bought Nantucket Island. Later some of the family settled in North Carolina, where they got themselves into hot water because their religion prohibited them from fighting and because they assisted in slave-freeing.

• THE serious proportions which the "Tariff" Wars Between States have reached are detailed by BRUCE CATTON and JOHN STONBOROUGH. The latter has appeared among our con-

tributors on several occasions.

Mr. Catton went from Michigan to Oberlin for his college course, spent two years in the Navy and then entered the newspaper field. After a time on the *Boston American* and the *Cleveland News* he joined the NEA Service. For ten years he wrote a daily syndicated editorial column and for six years reviewed books. He and his wife and boy reside in Washington, D. C.

• AFTER consultation with Leo Novak of the United States Military Academy, LT. WILLIAM H. BAUMER, JR. decided to enlighten us on an angle of the favorite indoor winter sport. *Basketball Comes of Age* will find interested readers even among those who are not followers of the game.

• IN HIS article *From Luther to Hitler* MR. WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH uses his profound knowledge of history to trace some of the origins of totalitarian ideas. We don't wonder that his splendid book, *Philip II*, has been banned from Germany.



F. Bourgeois Russell



# EDITORIAL

## COSTLESS CO-OPERATION



**R**EGULAR readers of a magazine are, at some time or other, consciously curious about the financing of it. Subscribers to *THE SIGN* are probably not exceptions. Since February has been dedicated to the promotion of the Catholic Press, this is an opportune occasion to present you with some of the facts about our magazine.

The first point on which we can enlighten you—perhaps we should say, on which we can confirm your surmise—is that practically all of your subscription money goes right back into the publication of *THE SIGN*. After all, you have the evidence of this in your hands at this very moment.

Secondly, it is obvious—though not often adverted to—that a publication is caught in what might be termed the “fixed price” class. For it would hardly be acceptable to the public for us to raise or lower the price of a magazine from month to month as is done with clothes, food, and fuel.

We have, therefore, to meet pronounced increases for supplies and production, while keeping the subscription price down to its present rate. Since any depreciation of the quality of *THE SIGN* will not be considered, our problem is one of increasing our income from other sources.

**A**QUAINTANCES in the secular publication field have frequently expressed surprise to us that our magazine has been able consistently to improve, both in content and appearance, without any appreciable aid from advertisers. For these men know what it means to pay authors, illustrators, engravers, and to meet the bills for paper and press work. Of course, some of them are not aware that we do not have to deduct high salaries for a staff, as do other publishers.

Still we are faced with a problem which will surely be of interest to you. As we have mentioned before, *THE SIGN* has reached a circulation and established a reputation which makes it—so we believe—an attractive medium for advertising. It has, besides, a convinced reader loyalty—not just a blind following—which appeals to those who wish to sell their products.

But it is exasperatingly difficult for almost any religious publication to obtain advertising. Some firms appear to believe that secular publications sell themselves (forgetting the tremendous sums spent in publicity and for agents) while you readers, for instance, subscribe only because of a high-pressure approach or out of emotional piety! This wholly mistaken attitude we are trying gradually to efface. Others doubt whether the readers of a religious periodical will give sufficient patronage. You will be able to answer that.

**A**PPARENTLY the struggle is going to be a hard one—in spite of the very sizeable sums of money which Catholics spend in this country. But advertisers and their representatives suggest that our chances of doing business with them would be greatly increased if they could learn something of the purchasing power and needs of our subscribers.

To obtain this information we have inserted a card elsewhere in this issue. We do not want your name or address. The card is to be anonymous. You do not even need a postage stamp. Simply fill in the answers to the few questions asked and mail the card at your earliest convenience.

This is costless co-operation on your part, but it will help us considerably. It will take but a few moments of your time. We shall be grateful for it as a further proof of your interest in and support of *THE SIGN*.

Promotion of the Catholic Press, which is being stressed throughout the United States this month, suggests more than a personal appreciation of the Catholic papers and magazines you are reading. It implies an eager readiness to assist in whatever may advance the opportunities which our publications have to establish themselves more securely. It is with this thought in mind that we have presented you with one of our problems.

*Father Theophane Maguire S.J.*



# Current FACT AND COMMENT

IN SPITE of the efforts being made by neutral nations and by His Holiness Pope Pius XII, it would be rash to hope for an early peace in Europe. Both sides have

## Blessed Are the Peacemakers

committed themselves so completely that neither could manifest a willingness to withdraw from the conflict without being accused of surrendering. It is to be feared that the war will go on until one side realizes that defeat is inevitable. Peacemakers should not on that account give up their efforts. If they can shorten the conflict by as much as one day, or exert a beneficial influence in establishing a just and durable peace when the war is over, their labor will not have been in vain.

The principles on which a just peace must be founded were given by the Pope in his five-point peace program. Briefly stated, these principles are: (1) the right to life and independence of all nations, large or small, strong or weak; (2) disarmament and the elimination of material force in violation of the rights of nations; (3) constitution of international juridical institutions which would guarantee the carrying out of peace terms, and in case of need revise and correct them; (4) satisfaction of the real needs and just demands of nations and of ethnical minorities in order to remove incentives for a resort to violence; (5) that rulers and peoples alike be filled with a sense of responsibility in order that human statutes be measured and weighed according to divine law.

To some, these principles may seem unduly general and abstract. In the present situation the Holy Father could not make them more concrete without being accused—probably by both sides—of being partial. At the propitious moment the Pope may see fit to advance particular proposals, as did his great predecessor, Benedict XV. We can be sure that the Pope is extremely well informed on what is taking place in Europe, and that he is using every means at his disposal to bring about an early and lasting peace, based on justice to all.

WHETHER the present Holy Father will be more successful in his peace efforts than his great predecessor Benedict XV is impossible to say. His words and actions during these days of international turmoil indicate that he measures up in

## Woe to Conquered— and Conquerors!

every way to the requirements of his exalted office. God has evidently raised up in his Vicar on earth a leader and a guide for a world in dire need of both.

In his recent Encyclical, Pope Pius XII speaks words

of wisdom that may well be pondered by the nations now engaged in war and exerting every power at their disposal to obtain the victory. The pontiff declares: "To hope for a decisive change exclusively from the shock of war and its final issue is idle, as experience shows. The hour of victory is an hour of external triumph for the party to whom victory falls, but it is, in equal measure, the hour of temptation. In this hour the angel of justice strives with the demons of violence; the heart of the victor all too easily is hardened; moderation and far-seeing wisdom appear to him weaknesses; the excited passions of the people, often inflamed by the sacrifices and sufferings they have borne, obscure the vision even of responsible persons and make them inattentive to the warning voice of humanity and equity, which is overwhelmed or drowned in the inhuman cry, *Vae victis*—woe to the conquered!"

If the leaders of the belligerent powers fail to hear the papal pleas for peace, then it will certainly be "woe to the conquered"—but equally as well "woe to the conquerers." All will be involved in the common ruin and destruction that will bring down conquerers and conquered alike.

THE PRESIDENT's appointment of Mr. Myron C. Taylor as his personal representative to the Vatican was a logical and natural step. The greatest neutral secular

## Representative at the Vatican

power is thus co-operating with the greatest moral power in the world in the cause of peace. It is better that all the forces working for peace should organize and work together rather than individually. All have a common cause; efforts should be united in the interests of that cause. As the Holy Father himself said in his address to the College of Cardinals on Christmas Eve, peace efforts will be condemned to failure unless rulers and peoples alike are penetrated "by that universal love that is the Christian ideal and therefore throws a bridge also toward those who do not have the benefit of participating in our faith."

It is encouraging to note that the weight of Protestant and Jewish opinion, as well as that of the secular press, was wholeheartedly in favor of the President's act. The Lutherans and Baptists differed from their fellow Protestants by raising objections. The reason given was that it endangered the fundamental American principle of separation of Church and State.

It is difficult for us Catholics to understand how anyone could believe that such a move could lead to a union of Church and State here in America either in

principle or in practice. We can easily understand, however, how the Lutherans and Baptists would object for other reasons to any co-operation with the Vatican, even in the cause of peace. Much of their religion is still "protestant" in the etymological sense of that word. To many of them the Pope is anti-Christ and a constant threat to the pure religion of the Gospels. Any act on the part of the President that might increase papal prestige and authority is therefore to be condemned.

We Catholics are so accustomed to misunderstandings of this kind that we are not unduly disturbed by them. They have their origin in ignorance rather than malice, and will disappear with an increased knowledge of the Church and her doctrines.

MANY British and French find it difficult to understand the prevalent American attitude of neutrality toward the war in Europe. This attitude is heartily

### Please Hold Us Excused

shared by American Catholics—much to the annoyance of some of our English Catholic contemporaries.

They evidently feel that we, at least, should know better. They are fighting for the preservation of democracy, civilization, and religion, they tell us, and we Americans insist on keeping ourselves aloof from the struggle as if it were a sordid business and not a crusade. To make matters worse, we are charged with a share of the responsibility for the present mess in Europe. After the World War, instead of doing our part to make Europe a better place for the British and French to live in, we withdrew incontinently and let Europe start again on a downward course toward war.

The American attitude toward the present European war is a direct result of our experience in the World War—and as such should be intelligible to our former allies. We entered that war in a spirit of idealism. Materially we had much to lose and nothing to gain. We went into it to save the world for democracy. Those words were more than a mere slogan to us. They expressed the spirit that animated us. And that spirit of idealism continued right on into the peace-treaty period following the victory.

But since the end of the World War our simple American idealism has suffered one disillusionment after another at the hands of our former allies. Some of the reasons for this are known to all: British and French land grabbing at Versailles and in the early 1920's; selfish French opposition to the German-Austrian customs union; the blood-out-of-a-turnip attitude toward reparations; the French march into the Ruhr; utter callousness toward the difficulties of the German Republic under Brüning and Stresemann, etc.

Looking back on it now, we feel that our effort was wasted. After twenty-one short years the job has to be done all over again. We heartily condemn Hitler and the Nazis, and we are firmly convinced that they are the aggressors in the present war, but we feel that Britain and France are largely responsible for the fact that Hitler today dominates Germany. Had they assisted a democratic Germany in her hour of need they would not now be facing a Nazi Germany across the trenches.

So we politely but firmly ask our British and French

friends to hold us excused. We don't like Hitler and his Nazis, but we don't consider them to be our problem. If they become such later—well, we don't cross bridges until we come to them. And with three thousand miles of ocean between us we feel that it would be Hitler who would have to cross bridges.

THERE is a strong resemblance between the foreign policy of Woodrow Wilson and that of the present Administration. A contemporary historian declares

### Uncle Sam: World Policeman

that there were three basic components in President Wilson's foreign policy: belief in moral principle, in the capacity and right of

peoples to rule themselves, and in America's mission to further these ends.

The present Administration has given evidence of beliefs similar to Wilson's in America's moral mission to the world. In his famous Chicago speech President Roosevelt declared isolation from foreign disturbances impossible because of the "solidarity and interdependence about the modern world." "The God-fearing democracies," the President declared, "cannot forever let pass, without effective protest, acts of aggression against sister nations—acts which automatically undermine all of us. . . . There are many methods short of war, but stronger and more effective than mere words, of bringing home to aggressor governments the aggregate sentiments of our own people."

In his recent message to Congress on the state of the Union, the President spent some time proving that the present European war is our war, and that Britain and France are fighting our fight. He condemned in no uncertain terms those who think that this war is none of our business. He made it quite clear that in his opinion this world of ours is going to be a pretty tough place to live in if Germany wins. The conclusion reached—that we must keep out of the war—certainly didn't follow as a logical conclusion from the premises laid down.

If the United States is going to take on itself a moral mission to the world as an avenger of wrongs, then we are going to be pretty well occupied for a long time to come. We are going to hear voices raised all over the world calling on us for help. There will be Britain and France, Czechoslovakia and Poland, Finland and the Scandinavian countries, Belgium and Holland, Albania and Ethiopia, Ireland, Palestine and India, China and Mexico, and probably many others. Some of those who cry out for help will have cries for help raised against them. Poor Uncle Sam will have to be a veritable Solomon in judgment to distinguish the innocent from the guilty—and to decide what to do.

WE DON'T like to be captious with our former allies, especially since we sympathize with them in the present war, but having been fooled before by slogans, we

### We Fear the Fire

Americans are now doubly cautious. Having been burned once, we fear the fire. So perhaps we shall be excused if we seek a little further enlightenment on the assertion that our former allies are fighting this war for the preservation of democracy, civilization, and religion.



If Britain is so interested in democracy that she is willing to fight a war abroad to preserve it, we would expect that she would go to great lengths to promote it within the Empire. But what of Ireland, Palestine, and India? Then, too, if the war is for democracy, why the attempted alliance with Stalin? Why the present courting of Mussolini and Franco? Does anybody think they would fight for democracy? Excuse us, please, if we express a suspicion that the democracy angle is for American consumption.

But most astounding is the assertion that France is fighting to preserve Christianity. That vast numbers of Frenchmen would lay down their lives for the Catholic Church, we believe. That the atheistic and masonic government of France could be in any way motivated in this war by a desire to preserve Christianity, we simply don't believe.

If France has suddenly become such an ardent defender of Christianity, why has she so much anti-clerical and anti-Catholic legislation on her books? If she wishes to preserve Christianity, why does she send thousands of priests into the trenches to be shot? Was it to defend Christianity that she sought Stalin—that professional hater of all religion—as an ally? Or has she been converted since the civil war in Spain, during which she poured troops and munitions across the border to help the "Loyalists" in their efforts to destroy Christianity in that country?

American potentialities for assimilating propaganda are great, but that is really a little too much.

If it could be analyzed it would probably be found that American sympathy for Britain and France in the present war is largely a result of hatred of Hitler. We don't like the Nazis, and would deplore a German victory. On the other hand, we would like an authoritative statement as to just what the Allies are fighting for and what they plan to do if they win the war.

There have been many declarations of high-sounding generalities, but they mean nothing whatever until they are brought down to earth in practical and concrete proposals. Even the ordinary British and French soldiers would probably fight with more enthusiasm if they knew just what they are fighting for.

ALTHOUGH American labor unions are founded on democratic principles, most of their leaders are re-elected with a regularity and ease that indicate either

### Democracy in Labor Unions

an acute shortage of eligible candidates or a failure to apply democratic processes. Since there is no reason to believe that there is not a sufficiently large number of intelligent and capable leaders among the millions of organized workmen in this country, then the defect must be in applying democratic principles. The net result is that the will of the rank-and-file members of the unions finds no expression in the policies and decisions of leaders.

This opinion is confirmed by a recent declaration of Daniel J. Tobin, President of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, the largest international union in the A. F. L. Writing in his union's publication on the split between the C. I. O. and the A. F. L., Mr. Tobin declared: "You ask me what's the answer and I say the answer is that the rank and file everywhere

should rise up and demand by public expressions, mass meetings, and by resolutions and declarations, that the committee representing both sides get together and settle this trouble one way or another. Neither side has to sacrifice very much in order to bring about a settlement.

"Fewer than one dozen men on both sides are responsible for the division of 8,000,000 organized workers. Let the workers ask themselves why 8,000,000 organized workers should allow a few men to keep them separated in two or three rival labor organizations."

Perhaps the public expressions, mass meetings, etc., would not be necessary if in the next election the "fewer than one dozen men on both sides" were quietly dropped from office. That would seem to be the logical conclusion of Mr. Tobin's remarks. Some labor leaders evidently saw this. They didn't like at all what Mr. Tobin had to say.

IT is an ironical fact that free speech and a free press are among the most potent weapons for the destruction of all freedom. The freedom granted by a democratic

### Work of the Dies Committee

government puts into the hands of the haters of democracy the very weapons with which to destroy it. The Communists and Nazis use free speech and a free press to inaugurate a social order from which all freedom is banned. They use the instruments of liberty to forge the chains of slavery. As a result, a free society is faced with the dilemma of either denying its own principles by refusing freedom of speech and of the press to certain groups, or of running the risk of being destroyed by those same groups.

It is in meeting this difficulty that the Dies Committee, in spite of its patent shortcomings, has been useful. Groups which are abusing the freedom granted by this country to inoculate the American people with the virus of Communist or Nazi doctrines lose their popular appeal when they are exposed to the public gaze for what they really are. For the most part they are agents in the employ of a foreign government which directs and subsidizes them. When they speak of one hundred per cent Americanism they really mean a form of red, white, and blue Nazism; when they orate on twentieth-century Americanism, they mean a transplanted Stalinism. They can impose on the simple unless their disguise is torn from them.

The Dies Committee has made mistakes in permitting itself to be used as a sounding board for personal prejudices and unfounded suspicions. In many cases, however, where it has been accused of using the methods of the Inquisition, it has been dealing with leaders of subversive movements who were being treated much more gently than they deserved—or than they would treat others if the positions were reversed and they were doing the investigating.

When the investigations of the Dies Committee are over it will probably be recognized that the value of its work has been in the light it has thrown on subversive activities rather than in any recommended legislation. Subversive movements have a way of thriving in spite of legal measures. Often legal measures help them by making martyrs of their leaders. What they fear most is not law but light.



# PAN-AMERICA AND WORLD PEACE

By JAMES A. MAGNER



Harris & Ewing Photo

*Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles and Dr. Esteban Jaranillo, of Colombia, Chairman and vice-Chairman respectively of the Inter-American Economic and Financial Committee to study the economic problems arising from the present European war*

IF THE development of European war has cast another shadow upon modern civilization, there is a rising hope provided by the Western Hemisphere that international problems can be effectively and justly handled by peaceful and rational processes. The numerous conferences held among the United States and the various independent nations grouped under the name of Latin America, have, particularly since the Lima Conference held in December 1938, definitely pointed the way toward intelligence in the international order.

For some time, there has been a growing sense of continental solidarity between North and South America. Relationships have been steadily converging toward the recognition of equal fundamental rights in all the nations. The value of arbitration has been demonstrated in many fields. And the war in Europe has brought to a head the realization that the Western World constitutes something of a family of nations with common problems and the need of a common front and outlook.

The causes for disunity in the past and, indeed, for difficulties in the future, are not hard to find. Distances are tremendous. In addition, geographic barriers, notably in South America, from the western coast to

the upper plateau of the northern countries, and across the mighty ranges of the Andes, will al-

ways remain a handicap. The total area under consideration embraces twenty-one free nations with a population of 250,000,000 people.

It must be remembered that many of the Latin-American countries are built upon Indian, rather than upon white stock; in a few, the Negro strain is important and even predominant, as in Haiti. Wherever tribal organization is retained, the diversity of ancient tongues still exists, although, with the exception of Brazil, where Portuguese is spoken, the Spanish language provides a common cultural bond for the countries south of the Rio Grande.

***From Pan-American Co-operation the World May Some Day Come to Know the Effective Processes of Universal Peace***

This community of Hispanic culture has in itself been something of a Chinese wall against satisfactory relations between Latin America and the United States. The resistance of *Hispanidad*, or Spanish tradition, against the encroachment of *Anglo-Saxonism*, as the temperament of the United States has been classified, still serves as an unfortunate

source of misunderstanding on both sides. The Latin-American mind has, often with good reasons, looked upon the Colossus of the North in terms of Yankee "imperialism." Catholic elements have been persuaded that North American cultural overtures were largely Protestant propaganda of an insidious character. Pan-Americanism, as emanating from Washington, has been regarded with profound distrust as a combination of force and trickery, in both the cultural and the material order.

The first attempts to discover common sympathies arose from the struggle of the Latin-American countries to achieve independence, in

the early part of the nineteenth century. The great liberator, Simon Bolivar, dreamed of uniting the Americas on humanitarian and political ideals, remarkably in line with the recent Lima Conference; but his Council at Panama produced nothing of permanent character. In 1823, the Monroe Doctrine was formulated by the United States, with the

avowed purpose of preventing a reconquest of the New World by European powers.

As the latter policy evolved, however, it came to acquire a definitely odious meaning for Latin America. In the first place, the Monroe Doctrine was not applied with absolute consistency. Thus, during Argentina's struggle for self-determination, the United States allowed the British to assume title to the Falkland Islands. Moreover, it repeatedly meant intervention in the internal affairs of other nations. By 1898, the United States' policy of "manifest destiny" had become so powerful that not only was Spain swept from the Caribbean area but even the Philippine Islands were brought into the North American hegemony. In 1902 Panama was separated from Colombia to make way for the Canal. With military dominance over Cuba, American marines "supervised" voting in Cuba and Central America and intervened in Mexico. Theodore Roosevelt had no hesitancy in declaring that it was our business to police the New World. But Dollar Diplomacy and the Big-Stick attitude of Uncle Sam resulted in anything but friendliness toward the United States.

The construction of better relationships within recent years has required a definite modification of these attitudes and methods. Under President Hoover (1929-1933), all troops of the United States were withdrawn from the Latin-American republics. In 1933, there was held at Montevideo the Seventh International Conference of American States, at which, in the words of Secretary of State Cordell Hull, "substantial progress was made toward removing the individual causes for controversy, through agreement on a treaty to govern the rights and duties of States." In 1936, the Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace was held at Buenos Aires.

These gains were consolidated in the Lima Conference of 1938, declaring the solidarity of the American States on "the similarity of

their republican institutions, their absolute adherence to the principles of international law, of the equal sovereignty of States, and of individual liberty without religious or racial prejudices." Among other agreements of great importance, reached in this Conference, was that of common consultation for co-operation in case of common danger to peace. The fruits of this were realized at the Panama Conference held in September 1939. A new, acceptable meaning has been given to Pan-Americanism.

No doubt, there has been a good deal of wishful thinking in connection with these conferences, and possibly some of the issued statements represent the dreams of idealists rather than factual achievements. On the other hand, there have been an earnestness and sincerity of approach in striking contrast with the atmosphere of suspicion and the confused action in previous crises. The calling of the Panama Conference, for example, and its common declaration of neutrality in the European war, present a happy unity as opposed to the disparity of 1914.

Present harmony, needless to say, does not mean that all disturbing elements have been eliminated.

Latin America still fears the expansion, in one form or the other, of the United States. There remain differences of attitude relative to the League of Nations. Large groups of Italians, Germans, and Japanese, notably in Argentina, Chile, and Brazil, have an important economic, domestic, and even international voice. The reassertion of Spanish and Portuguese factors is not without significance.

Nor are English influences, particularly in Argentina, to be ignored. This factor was shrewdly indicated by Bishop James H. Ryan, at the annual meeting of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, March 1939, when he said that "the ill feeling exhibited toward the United States is not the result of Nazi or Fascist propaganda, as some may imagine. One of our democratic friends has done and is doing as much as it possibly can to make good relations between us very difficult."

Nevertheless, the interests of the American States, collectively as well as individually, lie in the Americas, and the feeling of interdependence is coming to exercise a far greater determining influence than attraction toward Europe. Attitudes toward the present European

conflict are very much tempered by disillusion over the Versailles Treaty, as well as by the realization that the losses of war are too costly, and by a constructive hostility toward the beastly business which means death and misery for the masses.

Relative to the protection of the New World from possible aggressors, the Panama Conference has given a hopeful turn to the Monroe Doctrine, signifying the common acceptance of responsibilities, rather than an exclusive initiative of the United States as in the past. The geographic factor of the ocean barriers is recognized as the principal bulwark of protection and check on possible European or Asiatic designs. Both England and France possess important naval bases in American waters, but as yet these have not been regarded as constituting a menace to peace.



*A view of Botofogo Bay in Rio de Janeiro*



International Photo

*Delegates from twenty-one countries meeting at Pan-American Neutrality Conference held in Panama City*

In the past, England's navy commanded the Eastern Atlantic; British interests in Europe and the Far East, however, have effectively blocked whatever imperialistic designs England may have entertained with respect to Latin America. Until the outbreak of the current conflict in Europe, Germany was persistently rumored to be establishing bases on the South American coast; but such enterprises have been checked for the present.

Future defensive measures in all countries will have to look to the air; but if there is any present apprehension from Germany, a review of the distances to be covered by aircraft is ample reassurance. Vast improvements will have to be made for aircraft to cover the round trip of 10,000 miles between Wilhelmshaven and the Panama Canal, or even of the 8,800 between Rio de Janeiro and the Panama Canal. It is fairly reasonable to suppose that if there is any radical change of outlook on world affairs in Latin America, it will be the result of propaganda and of economic representations rather than of armed threats. The decision of Argentina, first reported in November 1939, to limit its foreign purchases to Great Britain and France so far as possible, for the duration of the war, is an indication of how sentiments are swayed.

In the meantime, the United States has bent every effort toward the creation of a Pan-American mili-

tary solidarity. In a radio address delivered on the evening of September 3, 1939, President Roosevelt declared: "We have certain ideas and ideals of national safety, and we must act to preserve that safety today and preserve the safety of our children in future years. That safety is, and will be, bound up with the safety of the Western Hemisphere and of the seas adjacent thereto. We seek to keep war from our firesides by keeping war from coming to the Americas."

From the beginning of his administration, Roosevelt has worked towards the unity of the Americas as a studied policy. He has openly proclaimed his cultural opposition to Nazism and Fascism, with implications unmistakably advising these movements to stay out of our Hemisphere. Besides a positive program of economic co-operation and the change of the Monroe Doctrine to a Pan-American front (which according to the President will include Canada, if it is attacked, and therefore also the other European dependencies), a series of "good neighbor" military demonstrations have contributed to reinforce this policy.

These gestures have been reinforced by offers of military aid to various countries of Latin America. In March 1939, Senator Pittman, with the backing of Under-Secretary of State Sumner Welles, urged that offers be extended to sell munitions to these nations and build warships

for them, in our own shipyards.

The Naval Program launched in February 1938, supplemented by the report of the Hepburn Board in January 1939, and the fleet maneuvers in the Caribbean and other strategic waters from January to March last year, have left no doubt that the United States intends that its navy shall play an increasing role in the business of American defense. This was emphasized by the terms of the Panama Conference, which decided to extend the life line of the Western Continents into the ocean averaging 300 miles, but in places reaching as far as 730 miles. To control all marine approaches, beyond the fighting radius of ships or aircraft, provision must be made to patrol the coast line, at least as far south as the Equator, plus a theoretical 2,000 miles on each side of the Panama Canal.

A number of reactions, some favorable and others unfavorable, have greeted these proposals. There has been considerable resentment in Argentina to our offer to sell munitions to the Latin-American countries instead of extending greater economic aid and reciprocity. Tension has been increased by our apparent preferential treatment of Brazil, and the impression that the United States has been playing off Brazil against Argentina has not tended to change this view.

The third point of the Panama Conference is that of economic co-



operation. So far as trade is concerned, the favorable differential is the fact that the United States is the only advanced industrial country, although rapid strides toward the development of industry are being made in various countries of Latin America. On the other hand, the agricultural products of Latin America, notably of Argentina, offer competition with many of those in the United States. Inasmuch as the United States has the only independent financial structure in the Western Hemisphere, the problem largely reduces itself to this: How can the United States arrange to purchase more Latin-American products so that Latin America can acquire the capital to repay loans owed and buy more goods from us?

THE volume of United States' trade with Latin America dates from the last World War. During the same period huge loans were floated in Latin America, inasmuch as the various countries are largely dependent on foreign exploitation. In the fifteen years after the war, the investments of business and banking interests from the United States totalled \$3,000,000,000, in addition to post-war loans of \$1,750,000,000. Many of the loans were offered on a reckless and corrupt basis; much of the money went into wasteful projects. When the financial crash of 1929 came, a general defaulting and natural resentment against the "dollar diplomacy" of Uncle Shylock as the United States came to be known, were the result of a fruitless effort to make collections.

When we refused to accept goods in payment of the debts, Germany stepped in on a barter basis, with its Aski marks. Then followed our period of fright and the circulation of nervous rumors about Nazi penetration in South America. In spite of the small gains made by German trade, however, our interests in Latin America, in 1935, totalled \$4,551,000,000 as compared with our total foreign stakes of \$12,840,700,000. Present world conditions will increase these opportunities.

A satisfactory future of economic co-operation, of course, lies increasingly in the order of reciprocity, beginning with long-term trade treaties. It is unreasonable to suppose that satisfactory adjustments can be made suddenly or without some sac-

rifices. The suppression of the tariff barriers of the Hawley-Smoot Law is a step in the right direction, but there still remain such odious restrictions as the ban against Argentine beef, for alleged hygienic reasons.

Increased vigilance and control over foreign loans is also imperative. Some idea of the wreckage is evident in the default on a debt of \$1,200,000,000 distributed throughout South America. A satisfactory solution of this problem must be reached before there can be further lending or trade expansion. It is probable that negotiations will be carried on at least under the partial direction of the federal government.

To a large extent, reciprocity in the New World will depend upon the ability of the Latin-American republics to work toward domestic control of their own resources on a democratic, social, and economic basis. The question of economic reciprocity, in this respect, must depend in part upon the common acceptance of a code of international law. It is highly doubtful whether the method of expropriation of foreign properties as practiced, for example, in Mexico will result in the desired amicable relationships. Acknowledgment of the differences of political, economic, and cultural structures of the various countries must be realistic; but certain common values and objectives have to be kept in mind if the interests of a constructive peace are to be served.

So far as the defense of democracy is concerned, it is well to remember that, whereas Argentina, Colombia, Chile, and Costa Rica are political democracies, the other countries of Latin America are military dictatorships. A variety of factors, including racial elements, widespread illiteracy, large-scale exploitation of single products, divergent standards of living, feudal organization, lack of facilities for communication, and certain historical traditions, are responsible for the retarding of democratic processes in many instances; and the solution of the problem must take all these elements into consideration.

Economic and cultural Liberalism, as it was understood and introduced in the nineteenth century, failed to emancipate the primitive masses. On the contrary, it usually contributed to their enslavement. Protestant missionary activity has likewise largely failed to win sympathy for itself or

promote spiritual stability in these countries. The Catholic Church has provided a constructive and fruitful cultural background for Latin America; but it needs to be freed from the disabilities that have been placed upon it in the past; and it must call increasingly upon the aid of modern social service if it is to discharge its mission of civilization and uplift with universality and effectiveness.

Until very recently, there were few points of contact between the Church of North and South America. As a result, there was little exchange of opinion and experience. This unfortunate neglect is now being rapidly remedied. The various Eucharistic Congresses in the New World have brought sections of the Church into closer understanding. Catholic scholars in the United States have seriously entered the field of Latin-American history and civilization; symposiums such as that held under the auspices of the American Catholic Historical Association, December 28-30, 1939, on "The Role of Catholic Culture in the South-American Republic," are certain to have beneficial effects.

Another move in the right direction has been that of the Social Service Mission invited to Venezuela by President Lopez Contreras to assist in formulating a social welfare program along the lines indicated by Pope Pius XI. The contacts thus formed will not only be of service to Venezuela, but will also direct our own people to cultural values which call for greater appreciation.

INTERESTED observers of the Inter-American scene cannot but be impressed with the opportunities the present affords in every field and order of activity. Catholics who are persuaded of the significance of the Mystical Body of Christ will make every effort to promote the cause of peace in the Americas on a genuinely Christian basis. Through student and professor exchange, travel, conferences, and a more intensive study of the Spanish and Portuguese languages, as well as of the history and problems of the Latin-American countries, Catholic leaders and agencies of education can make a most substantial contribution. It may well be that from the example of the Western Hemisphere, the world will come to know the effective processes of universal peace.



# From Luther to Hitler



*Napoleon Went to St. Helena. The Kaiser Went to Doorn. Now We Have Hitler. What Assurance Have We That When This Tyrant Is Disposed Of Some Other Evil Force Will Not Arise and Make It Necessary For the Allies To Fight Another World War?*

By WILLIAM THOMAS WALSH

Illustrated by J. JEWELL

MR. CHAMBERLAIN and other British statesmen may be quite sincere when they declare their intention to fight until Hitler is unseated by revolution, or destroyed; but when they say or imply that his elimination will remove the cause of all the present affliction of Europe, I wonder if they can be so stupid as to think so. I hope not.

It is depressing to think that in the event of an Allied victory, the fate of the world, perhaps, may be in the hands of men so blind.

It is only a short generation since some of the identical cabinet officers (Mr. Winston Churchill, for one) were giving us to understand that as soon as the German people were freed from the Kaiser and what he stood for, all would be well with mankind on both sides of the Rhine. Well, the Kaiser went to Doorn, as

Napoleon went to Saint Helena; and here we have Hitler popping up to revive the same old problem, by inconsiderately challenging the British Empire. Such a man, say the British propaganda agents, must indeed be mad, as we were told Wilhelm was mad, as Englishmen were convinced that "Boney" was mad.

Well, perhaps he is. What assurance have we, however, that when and if this man of blood retreats to Moscow (where his friends will know how to entertain him), some new and undreamed of *bête noire* will not arise out of the obscurity of the future to undo all the heroic work of the champions of democracy, humanity, and virtue itself, and make it necessary to fight a world war all over again?

This, of course, will surely happen, if certain tendencies continue un-

checked. For Hitler is not the radical cause of the world disease, but an effect and a symptom. Bad as he is, he cannot be explained by Communism alone, or by a facile reference to the Versailles Treaty, without acknowledging that those two trouble-breeders were in turn the effects of more basic causes that men must seek if they are to heal the stricken body of Europe.

The rise of Hitler was decreed by the logic of causality on the day Luther defied the authority of the Catholic Church. It is possible, of course, to go beyond Luther to other causes—to the laxity of clerical discipline in many places, to the Great Schism, to the Black Death, to the unwearying conspiracy of all the powers of evil in every age to weaken, corrupt or defame those who belong to Christ; but Luther was the



Power of the pagan state

turning point in the tragedy. Before him all could have been mended, all restored. After him the nations went slipping, one after another, down the dark and easy road.

It was written in the nature of things that wherever the spirit of Luther prevailed over men of the Catholic tradition, the State, sooner or later, must reign supreme over the individual. For man is so made that he can hardly choose, in any important matter, without first being hoisted upon the horns of a dilemma. There are only two kingdoms of the spirit. If the Son of God came into the world to establish an orderly society of human beings (as of course He did), men must be governed by the laws of that society (His Church), or by the laws of that opposing agency whom He called the Prince of this World—"and in Me he hath not anything."

Where, then, does the authority of the Prince of this World appear? Most pretentiously in the godless State. Whenever the Church of Christ has been bitterly maligned and persecuted, it has been in the name of the State. Nero threw Christians to the lions, not (admittedly) because they worshipped Christ, but because they refused to worship Caesar. Henry VIII and Elizabeth had Catholic priests tortured and mangled, not for saying Mass (ostensibly) but for refusing to take an iniquitous oath that the State was the supreme religious authority. The

Mexican martyrs were mowed down not as Catholics—oh, no!—but in the name of a wicked Constitution. The Russian martyrs were "liquidated" not as Christians, but as enemies of the sacred Proletariat, whose self-appointed spokesman was the ruthless Communist State. Inevitably man is forced to choose between Christ and the anti-Christian State; this is increasingly evident in the march of all modern history.

Now the unsanctified State, as such, being an abstraction, has no conscience. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it displays as much or as little conscience as

the aggregate of the individuals who control it. How can it help reflecting their spiritual condition? If they have rejected the Church established by Almighty God, their conscience will be a corrupted one, and all that proceeds from it will tend to militate against the Church. For a while the dechristianized State may tolerate the Church to a greater or lesser degree, but there comes a time when it finds the claims of the Church an obstacle to its own pretense to universal authority (a pretense which logically follows the rejection of divine authority), and the end is totalitarianism. Finally, in its last phase, totalitarianism demands not only obedience but worship.

Luther could hardly have foreseen all this when he made his fatal decision; but such was the road on which he and all his followers placed their feet. He was face to face at once with a three-horned dilemma: (1) the authority of Rome, which he rejected; (2) anarchy; and (3) an appeal to the authority of the State. Luther soon discovered that his doctrines were producing anarchy, political, social and moral, culminating in the Peasants' War; and from the horror that this confusion awoke in him, he turned in desperation to the State, for since pride kept him from making his peace with the Church, there was no other direction in which he could go. Hence he basely flattered the German princes and barons; he paid homage to their

pride, their greed, their sectionalism, their lust for power.

Calvin likewise had recourse to the State when he forsook the Church. He thought of it as a theocratic state, but it could never be truly such while divorced from the only supernatural authority granted to mankind; hence it inevitably degenerated into a form of totalitarianism.

All this was done, notice, in the name of tolerance. The intolerance of the Catholic Church (her intolerance of error, not of men) was the bugaboo used to frighten the masses into the power of a state which in the end would be tolerant of all error but intolerant of free men. It is possible to trace this tendency in the evolution of political theorizing in Western Europe. The French political party of the sixteenth century, known as *Les Politiques*, led chiefly by so-called "liberal" but often lukewarm and misguided Catholics, appealed for tolerance of anti-Catholic ideas; and then, finding that the Church could grant no such tolerance, turned to the State. Jean Bodin, their chief theorist, thus arrived at a conclusion, which in the words of Mr. Joseph Jacobs, "regarded the State as the source of all law, and gave currency to the notion of a compact, omniscient Sovereign, from whose dictates there could be no appeal. Under Locke and Austin this was destined to become the foundation of Anglo-Saxon law; in itself it could be used to buttress the most complete absolutism, as by Hobbes and the French jurists; but by confining the commands of the sovereign to secular affairs, as advocated by Spinoza, it could leave an opening for complete toleration. . . ."

Now, Spinoza may have derived his idea of complete toleration from Bodin, as Mr. Jacobs points out; but the absolutism to which these liberals appealed was not likely to put up with "complete toleration" any longer than it was convenient to do so. In the end the State, as it took over absolute powers, would kick away this ladder of "toleration" on which it had risen. It would have to do so, for "complete toleration" in the realm of ideas is only a synonym for anarchy, and men instinctively flee from anarchy to some form of authority.

All the Protestant societies talked a great deal about toleration and democracy, so long as they felt that

their own ideas were in danger of condemnation by the Catholic Church; but as soon as the influence of the Church was felt to be sufficiently limited, if not destroyed, there set in a rapid evolution toward totalitarianism, with plutocracy as a half-way station. This began long before 1914; before Hitler was born.

German thinkers have admitted that the direction of the modern German state toward absolutism had its origin in the teachings of Luther. General Friedrich von Bernhardi, in his remarkable forecasting of the first World War, *Germany and the Next War* (1911) made this very clear. Listen to him; it might almost be Adolf Hitler speaking:

"Machiavelli was the first to declare that the keynote of every policy was the advancement of power. This term, however, has acquired, since the German Reformation, a meaning other than that of the shrewd Florentine. To him power was desirable in itself; for us the State is not physical power as an end in itself, it is power to protect and promote the higher interests; power must justify itself by being applied for the greatest good of mankind."

Here Bernhardi is quoting Treitschke's *Politik*, the book which many have considered responsible for no small share of the militaristic ideas so prevalent in Germany before the first World War. He goes on to quote the same writer to the effect that the criterion of the personal morality of the individual "rests in the last resort on the question whether he has recognized and developed his own nature to the highest attainable degree of perfection"; and Treitschke then argues that if the same standard is applied to the State, then "its highest moral duty is to increase its power. *The individual must sacrifice himself for the higher community of which he is a member; but the State is itself the highest conception in the wider community of man, and therefore the duty of self-annihilation does not enter into the case. The Christian duty of sacrifice for something higher does not exist for the State, for there is nothing higher than it in the world's history; consequently it cannot sacrifice itself to something higher.*" (My italics here and throughout.)

In all this sophistry there is implicit, of course, the fundamental false premise of a rejection of the au-

thority of Christ's Church; the historian then rushes on more logically to fling himself into the embrace of Caesar, impersonated by the Kaiser. He even tries to sanctify this evil conclusion by draping it with a perverted idealism, a borrowed and spurious Christian terminology. "Among all political sins," he says, "the sin of feebleness is the most contemptible; it is the political sin against the Holy Ghost."

Treitschke treats of the duty of the State to make war under various circumstances. And in this connection he reverts again to Luther, not merely to justify, but to glorify, the bloody business. The statesman, he says, can "rise with a free spirit and calm breast to that standpoint which Luther once described in blunt, bold language: 'It is very true that men write and say often what a curse war is. But they ought to consider how much greater is that curse which is averted by war. Briefly, in the business of war men must not regard the massacres, the burnings, the battles, the marches, etc.—that is what the petty and simple do who only look with the eyes of children at the surgeon, how he cuts off the hand or saws off the leg, but do not see or notice that he does it in order to save the whole body. Thus we must look at the business of war or the sword with the eyes of men, asking: Why these murders and horrors? It will be shown that it is a business, divine in itself, and as needful and necessary to the world as eating or drinking, or any other work.'" Thus Luther, in his "Whether Soldiers Can Be in a State of Salvation."

Inevitably Bernhardi is led to condone and encourage the interference of the State in education. "A compulsory continuation school . . . is an absolute necessity of the age." It will be necessary to explain to the student "the relation of the State to the individual, and to explain, by reference to our national history, how *the individual can prosper only by devotion to the State. The duties of the individual to the State should be placed in the foreground.*"

Fine words! Here, in the same kernel of rhetoric, lie the twin germs of Communism and Nazism.

"In a State which is so wholly



Power of the Church

based on war as the German Empire," continues Bernhardi in similar vain (p. 261), "the old manly principle of keeping all our forces on the stretch must never be abandoned out of deference to the effeminate philosophy of the day. Fichte taught us that there is only one virtue—to forget the claims of one's personality; and only one vice—to think of self. Ultimately the State is the transmitter of all culture, and is therefore entitled to claim all the powers of the individual for itself."

In the light of all this it is evident that Adolf Hitler and his associates are not entitled to the palm of originality bestowed upon them in the popular press, by virtue of the theory of totalitarianism they so loudly and persistently proclaim. They have only taken up, refurbished and somewhat extended the philosophy of Kaiserism, which in itself was one of the monstrous brood bequeathed to the world by Lutheranism.

Hitler has not gone as far as Lenin and Stalin went, but that will come if his government endures; the logic of causality will see to it. And if England and France still lag behind in their assertion of the claims of the State over the individual, it is only because they are advancing by slower steps, impeded perhaps by survivals of Catholic thinking, which always militates against despotic power. Have they gone too far to turn back? We may hope, we must pray, that they have not.



# "Tariff" Wars Between States

By **BRUCE CATTON** and  
**JOHN STONBOROUGH**

THE question of economic nationalism within the boundaries of a single country—the United States—is one that it is at present instructive to reflect upon. Just as the last ten years have witnessed the steep rise of trade barriers between the countries of the globe, so economic nationalism is finding its exact counterpart in the building of tariff walls around the 48 sovereign states of our Union.

The crippling malady that has brought Europe to the convulsion of war has begun to appear within the borders of the United States. "Begun to appear" is a mild expression; as a matter of fact the malady has taken great strides and is today serious enough to demand and get the best intelligence of the combined federal and state governments.

This malady is economic nationalism: the theory that in order to prosper a region or an area must hide behind trade barriers, bring in from the outside nothing that can conceivably be produced at home (no matter how uneconomic its production at home may be) and in general come as close as may be possible to living a self-contained economic life.

That this development has set up in Europe, and in the world as a whole, pressures which can be ad-

justed only through wars is clear to all economists. Small wonder, then, that far-sighted leaders in our state and national governments are dismayed at the extent to which this same development is making progress within the United States.

The states, in simple words, are putting up tariff walls. They are not called tariff walls: they are inspection services, taxation regulations, discriminatory rulings of innumerable kinds, quarantines, and the like. They are the State barriers to highway transportation, taxes on "foreign" trucks and busses, laws restricting the sale of out-of-state liquor, fruit and plant tariffs thinly disguised as quarantine, discriminatory taxes on dairy products, general taxes on commodities which compete with products made within the state, and a host of other barriers in such diverse fields as the fishing industry, the ice cream industry, and the lawn-grass mixture industry.

"Ports of entry" which are found in approximately 10 states—Kansas having 66 and Oklahoma 58—are euphemisms for customs houses; 18 states have use taxes, a tax levied against an object purchased in another state not levying a tax against that object. A current estimate is

that there are more than 2,000 of these state laws in existence—all of them, to a greater or less degree, definite barriers to the free flow of trade between the states, some of them justified by special conditions, some unjustified by any theory save that of economic nationalism.

The growth of this movement during the last twelve months has been progressive and within the last year both the Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of Commerce have sounded warnings against the trend. The Secretary of Commerce has sought to bring together various experts and agencies acquainted with this problem.

To go back into history a bit: the Articles of Confederation, under which the colonies existed prior to the adoption of the Constitution, gave the central government no adequate control over commerce. With great rapidity, a set of mutually hostile tariff walls designed to exclude from various states the products of the other states sprang into existence. Any review of the sessions of the constitutional convention makes clear that a principal motive leading to the framing of the Constitution was the knowledge that federal control over commerce was necessary.



*Tax collectors at Memphis, Tenn., catch two out-of-state truckers asleep, waiting for the opening of the market. They were charged with having no state licenses*



As finally adopted, our Constitution provides that none of the separate states that make up the Union "shall, without the consent of Congress, lay any impost or duties on imports or exports, except what may be absolutely necessary for executing its inspection laws." An important economic reason for adopting our Constitution was the desire to abolish the trade barriers between the sovereign states of the old Confederation. The Supreme Court stated in 1824: "If there was any one object riding over every other in the adoption of the Constitution, it was to keep commercial intercourse among the states free from all invidious and partial restraints." The need for a strong Federal Union among the colonies, which had won the Revolutionary War against England, had been clearly demonstrated by the series of trade wars between the states that filled the years between the end of the war and the drawing up of the Constitution. In the words

of the historian James Truslow Adams, "Had not the very idea of Union instead of Confederation been accepted largely for that reason?"

So the framework was set up for a gigantic free-trade area. For a century and a half this area expanded and prospered. Americans who are fond of saying that their great national prosperity is due to their great national resources often overlook the simple and obvious fact that Europe, likewise, had great national resources; yet Europe has never, as a whole, attained anything resembling the American level of prosperity, because Europe is criss-crossed by frontiers and tariff walls so that her diverse peoples are utterly unable to pool their resources and work together as the people of the United States have done.

At the present time a multiplicity of barriers restraining the free flow of commerce between the states is to be found from the Atlantic to the

Pacific, and a form of new protectionism is growing up on a continent which in a large measure owes its position in the Council of Nations to the combined facts of immense natural resources and biggest free-trade area in the world. The growth of these restrictions in recent years is evident in both agriculture and industry. And they have come into being, despite the commerce clause of the Constitution, because of the exercise by the states of three powers with which the federal government cannot interfere—the power to tax, the power to inspect, and (since ratification of the twenty-first amendment) the power to control liquor traffic.

The growth of this movement—which can only be described as a movement for state autarchy, or to use a phrase aptly coined by Governor Stark of Missouri, "The Balkanization of America"—has been gaining considerable impetus. Trucks, dairy products, alcohol, and agricultural products are the main objects of restrictive tariffs. There are "ports of entry" on state borders; there are serio-comic beer wars between twelve states; there are quarantine regulations on agricultural products; there is an infinitely complicated network of restrictive legislation in connection with the movement of milk. Wisconsin feuds with the cotton states; California bars the citrus fruit products of Florida and Texas, and vice versa; different enforcement acts regarding such simple things as weights and measures have the effect of closing certain state markets to the products of other states; an incredibly complex set of legislation dealing with motor truck traffic has grown up; taxes which have the effect of inducing citizens to refuse to purchase goods manufactured outside of their own state have become popular.

Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace reviewed the problem ably but briefly—to review it fully would take a large volume—in a speech at San Francisco last October. Declaring that "we can't go on forever treating the producers and businessmen of neighboring states as economic untouchables," he cited a few of the most irksome trade barriers:

"One state makes its standards for berry boxes compulsory for out-of-state shipment, but a neighboring state declares the boxes illegal with-



Pennsylvania Highway patrolman checks on a Maryland truck in a license war

in its borders. Municipal Boards of Health, both of good standing in medical circles, refuse to accept the inspection certificates of each other on milk, or else charge unreasonable fees to producers who are outside a specified area. Eight states maintain expensive and irksome 'ports of entry' through which all trucks must pass, in order to check on compliance with state laws regarding weight, size, and safety appliances, state laws which are now of astonishing variety. Two eastern states now have such laws that only light trucks can cross them, thus erecting an imposing wall to commerce between states east and north of the Ohio river."

Now it is perfectly true that these laws come into existence because they seem to give advantages to the people of the state that passes them. Yet the commercial advantages thus gained are almost invariably transitory and often enough bring with them disadvantages which turn the gain into a loss. For example: Wisconsin, a great dairy state, maintains a high tax on margarine which is now made in part out of cottonseed oil. From a short-range viewpoint, this is a good thing for Wisconsin—for her dairy men in particular and for her general state economy as a whole. Yet it has spurred the cotton states to retaliate. State officials in Georgia, for example, recently declared that they would not have any Wisconsin butter fed to their relief families; and in Alabama a projected state purchase of \$2,000,000 worth of machinery from a Wisconsin factory was cancelled.

In his San Francisco speech, Secretary Wallace remarked that solution of the problem might logically be approached in three ways: first, by the individual states; second, through the exercise of power by the federal government. "A third approach would call for joint action by state and federal governments, each within its proper sphere, yet plainly and by design supplementing and reinforcing each other. It seems to me this approach offers the most hope, though I do not discount the possibility of federal action by itself, under certain conditions, or state action by itself, when this is feasible." It is this third approach which is now being tried.

The Governors' Conference in Oklahoma City in 1938, as well as

the Governors' Conference in Albany this summer, treated this subject, and the Council of State Governments arranged a National Conference on Interstate Trade Barriers which not only did some useful thinking but also had considerable effect on the deliberations and laws of a number of states.

A serious effort to cope with the problem is under way in Washington. Under the direction of Secretary of Commerce Harry Hopkins, an Interdepartmental Committee on Interstate Trade Barriers has been set up to study and co-ordinate government activities for combating the serious obstacles to the flow of commerce resulting from trade barriers. It includes representatives from the Departments of State, Agriculture, Commerce, Labor, and Justice, together with representatives of certain independent agencies. Its chairman is clear-headed Paul T. Truitt of the Department of Commerce.

This committee is co-operating with the National Council of State Governments, and through this organization with the Commissions on Interstate Co-operation which have been set up in 33 states. It projects a series of studies—for one thing, no one so far has even approximately totalled the economic cost of the whole set of trade barriers, and the committee wants to see this done—and will work in close harmony with the state authorities. The present program of the Interdepartmental Committee includes hearings before the famous Temporary National Economic Committee, of which Senator O'Mahoney is chairman.

**A**T PRESENT, Mr. Truitt is inclined to believe that the third approach mentioned by Secretary Wallace—the method of close co-operation by state and federal governments—is the only really feasible one from a long-range standpoint. Left to themselves, the states obviously will not abolish the trade barriers, for it unfortunately is not to any individual state's interest to act in that direction unless its neighbors take similar action. It probably would be possible to settle the mess by federal action. New laws could be passed, for example, denying grants in aid to states which did not reduce their barriers in conformity with direction from Washington; law suits could be instituted by the Department of

Justice to test the constitutionality of acts which seem clearly to cut across the intent of the commerce clause in the Constitution. But Mr. Truitt and his associates feel that for a permanent settlement it is necessary to witness action by the states themselves, and that this action will be stimulated if the federal government points the way.

The first states in which the Interdepartmental Committee may actively interest itself in this problem are Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Virginia, Mississippi, Kentucky, and Louisiana.

The entire question of free trade at home is coming to the fore with accelerated speed, demanding careful study and effective remediation. Present trends must be checked soon, that is to say before they reach really serious proportions. It will demand dispassionate thought and serious co-operation among the individual states now warring, and with the federal government. Most of all, however, it will require sacrifices by the producers and merchants of many states, sacrifices of short-range advantages but none the less real. It is this capacity and wisdom to sacrifice for the general welfare which indicates the vitality of democratic government, above all in the economic sphere. For legislation by pressure groups, i.e., legislation for the immediate good of the few to the detriment of the many, can in the long run, especially in a time of adverse business conditions, but lead to the discarding of parliamentary government. "Now that the results of the barriers are so obvious and often so self-defeating, there is good opportunity to drive home the lesson that no pressure group in America can successfully abuse its power at the expense of the general welfare. It may succeed for a while, but it cannot succeed for very long if our democracy is functioning properly."

"So far as internal trade barriers are concerned, we may be approaching a time when the public will operate effectively in the light of the General Welfare, rather than in frightened response to any selfish minority."

It is to be hoped that this pleasant thought voiced by the most able economic thinker in the Cabinet, Secretary of Agriculture Henry Wallace, will be borne out in the near future.



F. B. RUSSELL

# FLYING UNIT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL KINNEAR

THE stained glass windows of St. Christopher's sent a rainbow ray across the chapel. Jeanne Gannon sat in the rainbow and didn't appreciate how lovely she looked with the flow of color glancing from her dark curls. Her blue eyes concentrated on the altar, on the burning candles that flickered dreamlike before her. Gil Waring who sat stiffly beside her did appreciate how lovely she was, but it didn't, apparently, add to his happiness.

Father Mark came down the altar steps, knelt and said the closing prayers of the Mass, and the two young people filed out with the rest of the early worshippers.

"I don't suppose you've changed your mind, yet!" Gil said almost harshly, his dark gaze fixed on a far line of trees.

Jeanne's glance was as remote as a bit of sky that broke the thick gray ceiling of clouds. "No!" she said evenly. "I don't see why I should."

A gust of wind and rain whipped her tailored blue coat, and Gil snatched at his felt. He looked stubborn. He was angry in a way that did full justice to his red hair. A dripping hedge of crepe myrtle, rich with fuchsia-shaded blooms, brightened the way from St. Christopher's to the airport. The flowers were the color of Jeanne's lips, the color of the high flush on her cheeks.

"So what?" Gil asked heatedly.

"So I'm going to keep on flying," Jeanne said, walking faster. "I've been flying for more than two years. I make good money, and since we can't get married for four months, until you finish your course, I'm going to keep my job."

"We can get married right away," Gil said furiously. "We could be together every day. There isn't any sense in our being separated, in your risking your life this way. It's the job, that's all. You value it more than you do me! It's glamorous and exciting being a stewardess. You meet interesting people—"

"I don't know about that," she retorted warmly. "I met you on a plane! I've often wondered how you gathered the nerve—"

"To fly to my father's deathbed," he finished for her, his eyes bitter with hurt. "You'll remember we made a forced landing too!" Rapidly he swung about and paced off into the rain, leaving her alone at the airport office.

She shouldn't have said what she did. She hadn't intended to say it at all. The words had escaped, and now—now—

Out of the wet dark sky a silver plane glided, exactly on schedule. Like a sleepwalker, Jeanne adjusted her cap, and straightened the trim lines of her uniform. As she met the

plane, a blonde girl, Lila Johnson, in an identical uniform, grinned at her, lively lights dancing in her eyes.

"Consider a bluebird with clipped wings," she said. "This is my last flight."

"No!" Jeanne exclaimed. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing!" Lila said, "All's right. I'm getting married and am going to keep my feet on the ground from now on. Watch yourself, darling," she called as she tripped away. "You can swim in the water, jump sideways on land, but you can't walk on air."

Frowning, Jeanne took the other girl's place. Lila was naturally giddy, but nevertheless she was annoyed. A person could drown in water too, and get run down by a car with her two feet conservatively on the ground. She set her mouth stubbornly. Not only had she never been in an accident in her years of flying experience, but the air line had an absolutely clear record except for a forced landing or two.

That brought her back to Gil. He was afraid for her. He loved her and she couldn't hold his concern against him, but—his fears were baseless, comparatively speaking. She wanted him to realize that—she wanted him to love flying, to make frequent trips by air, and not to reserve air travel simply to cases of emergency.



A chill feeling of futility came over her as the huge silver plane lifted from the earth. She didn't see how she could ever give up flying. Gil was right about her. She did love her job. All along she had been fighting against relinquishing flying completely. If she could only make Gil get over his aversion to planes, then—even after their marriage she could fly. They'd make long trips together, spend weekends in New York, if they wished. A vacation lasted so much longer if one's destination could only be reached without so much loss of time.

**M**ECHANICALLY, she went about her duties, making passengers comfortable, soothing the fears of a nervous, middle-aged lady on her first trip, quieting a fretful baby for an exquisitely dressed young woman.

All through the trip the rain continued, and she knew it was bitter-cold out. Inside the plane, however, everything was snug, comfortable.

At noon she served a light lunch to all the passengers, with the exception of an elderly man who was slightly airsick.

"One of the passengers—that young chap—says we just went through a flurry of sleet, or snow," the nervous lady said, her uneasiness growing.

"It's rather early for snow," Jeanne answered calmly, "so it can't amount to much." She peered out. Yes, a few white flakes were mixed with the rain.

"Aren't you afraid of snowstorms, honey?" the woman asked.

Jeanne laughed. "I'm not afraid of any storm. I love them! We've never had any serious trouble from them."

She was glad, however, that Gil didn't know it was snowing. He had such distorted visions of things. This was an early fall, fast-melting snow, but if he knew about it, he'd sit alone in his room imagining blizzards, imagining the wings heaped high, heaping higher until the very weight of the snow brought the machine to earth, crashed it to earth.

The snow changed suddenly to rain again. Gil hated her to fly during storms. She kept worrying about him. He'd been so angry this morning. What was he doing now? At his studies? Brooding? Thinking that when she returned tomorrow he'd settle the matter once and for all?

The baby was crying again. His mother had asked her to fix his milk for him, and she was taking too much time. Hastily she started to sterilize the bottle, and in her hurry, tripped. She caught herself, but her hand was twisted so that her wrist commenced swelling immediately. She bathed it, bandaged it, but the pain wouldn't leave, and she couldn't use her right hand.

The passengers were kind. They helped all they could, but it was impossible for her to go on. The next field was contacted for a relief stewardess and when they landed Jeanne went to the doctor.

"You'll be all right in a few days," he told her; "perhaps a week."

Ordinarily she would have been badly upset about the loss of time, but now, somehow, she wanted to get back—she had to get back home. She couldn't think; she couldn't rest! Perhaps it was the quarrel with Gil this morning, but an uneasiness she couldn't control possessed her every faculty.

The return trip was unusual. She wasn't accustomed to being a mere passenger, and her fellow stewardess took extreme delight in waiting on her. Jeanne acted as lighthearted as possible, but wasn't able to throw off her dark mood.

Almost all the way home they flew, a silver streak, between layers of misty, dripping clouds. As they glided downward toward the field, the autumn rain started falling heavily again. There was a constant silver splatter of it against the taxi windows as Jeanne sped home.

"I'm not hurt badly, Mom," she said as she met her mother's startled glance. "It's only a light sprain."

"You'd better rest, Jeanne," Mrs. Gannon said worriedly. "You look tired, strained."

Jeanne's face was white. "As soon as I call Gil," she said. "I must call him. We—we quarreled a little before I left."

"About flying?" her mother asked. Jeanne nodded, but said nothing. The expression on her mother's face deprived her of speech.

"Jeanne!" Mrs. Gannon said almost sharply, "If you are going to marry Gil, why don't you do it now?"

"He's still in school," Jeanne said hastily. "I don't want to marry him until he graduates."

"Why?" Mrs. Gannon asked. "He

has enough money to take care of both of you. What difference does it make whether he's working or going to school?" She didn't wait for Jeanne to answer. "You like that job of yours better than you do Gil, better than your own life," she finished. "You might as well be frank with yourself about it."

"I love Gil more than anything else in the world," Jeanne said quickly, but in her heart she was confused. She wanted to fly more than anything else in the world too. Shakily, she dialed his home phone. He should be there now. His landlady answered. "He's not in," she said. "He took the noon plane, but didn't say where he was going, nor when he'd be back."

An unreasonable fear possessed Jeanne as she turned away from the phone. She laughed the fear away. Why, this was exactly what she wanted. He'd go now, have an enjoyable trip and—and get over his fear of flying. Nothing would happen to him this time, no forced landings, nothing! He'd get the spirit of the air, and after they were married, she'd still be able to enjoy flying with Gil—with her husband.

"He's actually taken a plane trip, Moms," she said joyously. "He actually has. I guess—I guess he wanted to show me he wasn't afraid."

"You'll rest then, Jeanne," her mother answered, making no further comment. "You should."

**S**HE crawled into a warm bed and slept blissfully for several hours. When she awoke her wrist felt better, and her nervous tension was gone.

"Phone the airport for me, Mom, won't you?" she called into the hall, "and see if Gil's plane will be back on schedule. I want to meet him!"

"How do you know he's coming back right away?" Mrs. Gannon asked.

"I don't," she answered gaily, "but I'm meeting all planes until he does. I want to see his face when he lands."

She heard her mother dial, and then there was a short, sharp exclamation from the hall. "No!" Mrs. Gannon gasped. "Oh no!"

Jeanne was beside her instantly, her hair sleep-rumpled. "What is it?" she asked. "What's wrong?"

Mrs. Gannon was badly shaken. "The plane's missing," she said tremulously, "It didn't reach its destina-



tion and there's been no word from it since it left the field."

Incredulously Jeanne called the office and verified the unbelievable news.

"It can't be!" she said, her lips white. "We don't have accidents. We never have had one. He—he simply has to be safe."

She dressed with frantic haste, forgetful of her injured wrist. "Stay here, Mom," she said, "just—just in case Gil should call. They may have made a forced landing and the first thing he'll do is get to a phone. I'm going to the field."

All night Jeanne stayed at the field. They made her comfortable in the waiting room, but she couldn't sleep. At regular intervals the Company's planes zoomed in, and each time she'd start up hopefully, only to be plunged again into chaotic despair. In the morning numerous searching planes took off from the field, followed the course the missing plane had taken, and deviated from it at spaced distances. All through that day, and the day following, the search for the missing plane went on, endlessly, fruitlessly.

Father Mark made frequent trips to the field. He brought messages to Jeanne from her mother, from her friends, and then he'd stop in to report to Mrs. Gannon.

"Jeanne still hopes, Father," she said heavily.

He nodded his head. "Yes—yes she still hopes, and there's scarcely a chance that the boy's alive. If she'd only give up it would be so much easier for her ultimately, but she won't. She says he's alive, that she knows he's alive." Father Mark sighed.

He went out, shaking his head. "I'm very much afraid, Mrs. Gannon—very much so. I think I'll go back and talk to Jeanne again this afternoon."

When Father Mark reached the field that afternoon he found Jeanne staring out into space, her eyes darkly shadowed, her slim hands twisting a handkerchief tightly.

"I've just called Mom!" she said in a strained, hurt voice. "They—they've sighted the plane and I'm going!"

"Do they—have they—" Father Mark commenced.

"They don't know anything yet," she said miserably. "One—one wing is completely torn off, and when a



"You value your public more than you do me," said Gil furiously. "It's glamorous and exciting being a stewardess"

plane nosedives the—the way they said it did, there's not much—"

She didn't finish the sentence and she didn't need to. Father Mark knew that the last word was "chance." He watched Jeanne enter a small plane that was to take her as close as possible to the scene of the disaster, and then turned away.

"Pray for us, Father," she called, and already his lips were moving quietly as he walked toward St. Christopher's Chapel.

Jeanne closed her eyes to shut out the sight of a world grown intolerable, a world without Gil Waring, and across her darkened eyes there flashed as on a screen a picture of a silver plane hurtling wildly through the sodden skies, striking huge trees, tearing, crashing to the ground, its wing gone, its engine completely caved in. The picture persisted, grew worse. With her eyes shut or open she saw it, and she saw other things. She saw too late that it was Gil she wanted. If she could have him back she wouldn't care if she never saw another plane.

But, it was a miracle to survive an air crash. It was almost too much to expect a miracle. This had all been her fault. She had taunted Gil. He wouldn't be in this disaster if it hadn't been for her. He'd be safe at home, heartsick with fear for her, the way she was for him right now, expecting every moment to hear that her plane was missing, had crashed. She had been cruel, cruel. Now she knew how he felt, but she couldn't tell him she knew. She covered her face with her hands and gave way to dry, shuddering sobs.

After many hours of flying, the pilot set the plane down in a small, rough field. "There's no place to land higher than this," he said, "but we'll ride horseback as far as the ranger's cabin from which the rescue work is being done."

Wordlessly she rode the five miles to the ranger's cabin. There were nurses and doctors there. One nurse and a doctor had gone ahead, "just in case," one of the men said, "any of the plane-crash victims were alive."

"That's not likely," a nurse said lightly. She did not know who the new girl was until the pilot who had flown Jeanne up whispered something. Then there was a shocked silence, curious, pitying glances, but no more talk of the accident. It was

hard to bear the forced silence, and that long, long waiting.

She dared not look at the party coming slowly down the mountain trail. If—if Gil were dead, she wanted to stay that knowledge until the last possible moment. A boy ran out to meet the rescuers, and then hurried back, eager to be the first to tell of the disaster. "The pilot and mechanic were killed like that," he said, snapping his fingers. "The whole front end of the plane folded up when it nosed down. All the passengers in front were killed too."

"Gil!" Jeanne moaned softly over and over, "Gil, oh Gil!"

"Bring the injured into the cabin," a voice commanded. "The undertaker will meet the rest of the party where the road ends. Tell him to keep one ambulance ready for the injured."

Jeanne stood up, her legs shaky beneath her. "Gil—Gil Waring!" she said. "He—he was on that plane. Is he—"

No one answered. The injured were already in the cabin, and quickly, Jeanne went from one to another, her eyes afraid, her hands trembling. Gil wasn't there—he wasn't among the injured. Gil was dead!

SHE stared at the people in the room. No one was paying any attention to her, no one at all but the pilot who had flown her up, and his eyes were filled with compassion.

Vaguely she thought she would go down the trail, check—make sure, when one of the doctors spoke up. "We need more nurses," he said tersely. "Why didn't they send more nurses?"

Jeanne stared at him. "I'm a nurse," she heard herself say in a voice she scarcely recognized as her own.

Without question the doctor put her to work, and automatically she administered to the crash victims, her clever fingers mechanically busy, even though her wrist still pained her. Finally the last injured passenger had been given first aid and sent down to the waiting ambulance. Jeanne pushed her dark hair back wearily. The strain, the nervous fatigue of the past few days was beginning to tell now that the letdown had come. She stumbled rather than walked from the ranger's cabin.

Outside the door she nearly collided with a stretcher-bearer. List-

lessly, her eyes sought the face of the man on the stretcher.

"Gil!" she gasped, "Gil!"

Incredulously he looked up at her from the stretcher. "Jeanne!" he said huskily, joyfully, "Jeanne, what are you doing here?" He smiled ruefully. "I've a broken leg," he said hastily, "and a couple of broken ribs. I was lucky, just plain lucky."

"I—I'm the lucky one," she said, tears streaming down her face. "I thought you were dead. You weren't among the injured and I thought—"

He reached out, caught her hand. "I didn't dream you'd be here," he said, "or I'd have given someone my name, told them to tell you. I wasn't as badly hurt as most of the others, so I waited with a couple of other chaps."

She didn't seem to be listening to the words he was saying. "Gil," she said quickly, breathlessly. "Gil, I want to get married right now, as soon as we can get back home."

His face beamed, and he held her hand tighter. "I want to get married even sooner," he said, "at the hospital while I'm laid up, if we can get Father Mark and your mother to fly up."

"Fly?" she said dazedly. "Did you say fly?"

"I went up in a rainstorm to see if I actually was afraid to fly," he said slowly, gently, "and I found out that I wasn't. I was enjoying every moment of it—until we crashed."

Jeanne watched him, her eyes wonder-filled. "But you might have been killed," she said.

"I know," Gil answered, "and I might have been killed the time my car hit a fireplug, and I might have been killed when my roller skates went out from under me, but I wasn't." He shook an accusing finger at her. "I know what I'm afraid of now," he said. "I'm afraid of losing you. It was only having you go alone that I hated, when all the time I thought it was the flying itself. From now on we'll do our winging together—we'll be a flying unit."

Jeanne's blue eyes misted over. She tried to speak, but she couldn't. She tried again, and her voice was deep with emotion. "If—if you'll excuse me for a few minutes," she said, "I've some prayers of thanks to say to God and Saint Christopher, our Patron."

She bowed her dark head, and a bowed red head kept her prayerful company.

IT IS a common belief in the capital that the second session of the Seventy-sixth Congress will be remembered as "the War Congress." This opinion flows not so much from a fear that the members of the House and Senate cherish any desire to participate in the present European conflict as it does from the conviction that, whether they like it or not, the national legislators find that almost every decision must be weighed in the light of happenings abroad. "How will this be interpreted in London, Paris, Berlin, Tokyo, and Rome?" is the question that confronts the solons gathered behind committee-room doors or in public session.

Incidentally, this explains the small number of sensational statements issuing from individual members of Congress. Caution is the keynote of the hour. No one wishes to be accused of furnishing aid and comfort to foreign forces, or to be considered a mouthpiece of propaganda. Commenting upon the current moderation of speech, a veteran newspaper man declared: "There has been no comparable moratorium on oratory since the days of Silent Cal; it must be the boys are saving their best spellbinding for the campaign!"

Naturally enough, the first index to our national war psychosis is discoverable in the proposed Army and Navy expenditures. Admiral Harold R. Stark, testifying before the House Naval Affairs Committee, contended that his branch of the service should be immediately strengthened to a point where no potential coalition could be a remote threat to national safety. The Chief of Naval Operations claimed that the pending Vinson \$1,300,000,000 expansion bill would be inadequate for this purpose. Nor did he conceal his conviction that the United States ought to build bigger and better warships on the supposition that the combined British and French fleets were not invincible.

This roused good-na-

# Inside Washington

By JOSEPH F. THORNING

tured amusement among a number of Western Senators. Senator William E. Borah probably epitomized their sentiments when he queried: "If our navy has to be big enough to replace the Allied fleets, which in this hypothesis would be at the bottom of the ocean, why don't we bring in a river- and- harbors bill that would envisage everything east of the Appalachians under ten feet of tidal wave?"

According to Admiral Stark, a 25% increase in naval striking power would just barely provide sufficient defense against the collective resources of Japan, Germany, Italy, and Soviet Russia. The Army has

similarly ambitious plans, while the air officials in each service want three times as many combat planes as are available at the present time. It is possible that these figures may be revised upward before the end of the session, because news of American rearmament, traveling to Asia and Europe, provokes counter-proposals in nations which are viewed as "theoretical enemies."

At first blush, it would appear that the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, whose three-year extension is now a storm-center both in Senate and House, could have few repercussions in the war zone. Secretary of State Cordell Hull, chief sponsor of this measure, is a lifelong free trader. In one of the most diverting passages of his book, *After Seven Years*, Mr. Raymond Moley, the erstwhile New Dealer, describes how spectacularly Mr. Hull, formerly a member of Congress, could "empty the chamber" when he rose to make his "one set speech" against protective tariffs.

As soon as the Tennessee statesman entered the President's Cabinet, he began to apply his pet idea. Since 1934, when the original delegation of authority was secured from the Congress, Secretary Hull has negotiated twenty-two trade agreements. He doesn't call them "treaties," because he is eager to have the Senate forget that formal pacts require a two-thirds majority confirmation by the members of that body. He still contends that the power to negotiate these agreements is to be "only temporary." To use his own words, it is a case where "we want to deal with the emergency situation."

The "emergency situation" in 1940, unlike that of 1934, is the imperative need of restoring peace unless the socio-economic fabric of the world is not to be rent in a thousand pieces. The American Secretary of State feels "the most profound concern over the international situation." Decline of trade, he is convinced, leads to a



Harrie Eising Photos

Capitol Hill blanketed by a heavy snowfall as heated debate stirs Senate and House



collapse of the world's peace structure. Unless the warring nations can be presented with some spectacle of "mutual concession and compromise," they will not be converted from their policies of mutual destruction.

In short, Mr. Hull is persuaded that his Reciprocal Trade Agreement Act is a bright banner around which peace advocates may rally, a "sign raised up in the heavens" showing that good will toward foreign peoples can be fostered by giving them markets for their exportable goods. In return, of course, the favored nations are expected to purchase quantities of American industrial and agricultural products.

Obviously, the policy doesn't do much more than provide the machinery for a mutually advantageous exchange of goods. The program is modest in its aims as well as in its accomplishments. Some U. S. industries claim that their business has suffered: the textile manufacturers of New England, the dairy producers of New York, the lumber interests of the Northwest, all allege that reciprocity has reduced their share of the domestic market. The sugar lobby is out in full force to recapture a once-privileged position. Wheat and cattle men forced the abandonment of the negotiations for reciprocal trade pacts with Argentina and Uruguay. This last move was a reverse of major proportions. Whether the negotiations are to be resumed at some more propitious hour or not, the differences of view, disclosed by initial studies of trade possibilities, showed how restricted are the areas in which the reciprocity principle can operate.

But it is precisely as a symbol that President Franklin D. Roosevelt wants the Trade Agreements Act renewed. This piece of legislation, in the mind of White House strategists, is the cornerstone of the New Deal temple of peace. The ground-work is being laid for Franklin Roosevelt's niche in history. Domestic policies will hardly insure the present incumbent a place on the plane of George Washington, Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt wants to become the idol of schoolboys of another generation as the "Great Peacemaker."

Of course, the appointment of the Hon. Myron C. Taylor as special



*Secretary Hull defending his Reciprocal Trade Agreement*

envoy to the Vatican is the warp and woof of the same policy. It is recognized in Washington that the moral influence of the Papacy is at its apex in both warring and non-belligerent countries. The arch of peace is to extend from Pennsylvania Avenue to the broad Boulevard of "the Conciliation" in Rome.

Mr. Roosevelt realizes that, in order to energize this arc of pacific settlement, the world must be presented with some practical achievements in the domain of economics. Parsnips have to be buttered; market baskets moved into swift circulation. This is the real driving-shaft of the Reciprocal Trade Treaty Agreements. It is the practical foundation for an idealistic structure. At the psychological moment, widely separated engines of peace will be thrown into motion; the United States must be prepared to point to the possibilities for friendship inherent in healthy international commerce. Politicians, familiar with developments in the inner circle of the White House, assert that the President is ready to propose dramatic economic sacrifices for the purpose of restoring peace, justice, and order.

This is one reason why Mr. Roosevelt, although aware of the universal sympathy with the cause of Finland, is unwilling to assume the initiative in taking sides against Russia. It is part of the peace strategy to shift this responsibility to Congressional leaders. It is also a reflex of the embargo fight, in the course of which the Administration ex-

plicitly promised that "cash-and-carry" would not be the first step toward credit and "war-finance." For the moment, the American President is determined to maintain an utterly impartial attitude that may render him acceptable to all in the role of an "honest broker," if not the Grand Arbitrator. Appeals to the basic value of religion in public and private morality have paved the way to general approval of this type of leadership.

Speaking off the record, a number of Senators and Representatives, after hearing the President's message to Congress, expressed complete mystification as to the stirring exhortation to national unity. One of the best-informed members of the Upper House inquired: "Where are there signs of serious conflict on the domestic front? The A.F.L.-C.I.O. rivalry is not grave enough to justify a warning that we must close our ranks against some external enemy. Obviously, the admonition is given with a view to future policy." This policy is now being revealed as part of a colossal effort to restore sanity to a desperate world.

Both political parties can likewise agree on continuation of the Martin Dies Committee to uncover un-American, subversive activities. Sovietism, in the eyes of Congress, is rapidly becoming as odious as Nazism. Consequently, there is not much Congressional inclination to soft-pedal Left Wing threats to the home, private property, and the churches in the United States. The Hon. John A. McCormack, one of the ranking members of the powerful Ways and Means Committee, and himself a deep student of the dangers of Communism, told me that his colleagues had only one criticism of the Dies investigation. "This inquiry," he stated, "is of the utmost importance. Its value, however, will be increased in the measure that preliminary work will be undertaken in executive session. In this way, sensational testimony can be sifted and appraised before it is released to the general public. If witnesses blurt out their suspicions or opinions in a forum where they can be re-echoed to the whole nation, they may easily create impressions that, quite unfairly, will "smear" individuals and organizations. Whatever of value is discovered in executive session can always be spread upon

the record at a public meeting of the committee. This technique can multiply the benefits we have already gained as a result of the Dies investigations."

Of course, it would immensely fortify President Roosevelt's prospective role as world peacemaker, if he were to succeed in bringing together the two labor organizations that are at swords' points on the national scene. Both the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations are on record in favor of some modification of the Wagner Labor Act. They are in sharp disagreement, however, as to the nature and scope of the changes. Mr. William Green wants "a complete house cleaning of the biased board and its biased personnel." In short, he is not satisfied with the men who are administering the labor law. He would like a new board of five members, whose outlook would be favorable to the craft unionization principle. Up to the present, the A.F.L. officials feel that most of the decisions of the National Labor Relations Board have gone against them. As they indicated to the last session of Congress, they don't believe minority groups have adequate representation in the present setup; although their sympathizers have frequently been outvoted, they can't understand why this should mean that they are submerged and overwhelmed.

On the other hand, Mr. John L. Lewis wishes revision of the Labor Act restricted to a few minor administrative points that would not allow "reactionary interests," (meaning A.F.L. leaders) to get a foothold in industries, like the automotive, rubber, and steel concerns where the C.I.O. has gone in for organization on a mass-movement scale.

The investigation of the Labor Board, instituted by the House committee under the chairmanship of Representative Howard W. Smith, will, if precedent is any guide, furnish the basis for amendment of the existing legislation. When discontent with law or administration of the law reaches the pass where the citizens demand a Congressional inquiry, there is usually enough material unearthed to require an overhauling of the act. Favoritism and delay seem to be the two evils that must be eliminated, if both laborers and employers are to enjoy a square

deal. Friends of labor will undertake the task of reviewing this legislation, because the House Labor Committee, headed by Mrs. Mary T. Norton, is heartily in favor of the principle of the Wagner bill and is determined not to accept amendments that would eviscerate it. At the last regular session of the Congress, this committee pigeon-holed the proposed changes. It may do the same this spring, in case the A.F.L. and the C.I.O. cannot get together long enough to decide on the type of revision that would be approved by both groups.

Mrs. Norton is noted for the strong direction she can give to her committee, especially in any case that involves the essential rights of the workingman. She is certain to provide that control of the new setup will not pass into the hands of financiers and industrialists. As long as she remains chairman of the House Labor Committee, the legislation reported out by that body will not be dictated by the Liberty League. In fact, early in the session she made this statement to me: "The Labor Act will be changed constructively, progressively, or not at all!"

Another area of conflict is opened up by the budgetary slash in farm benefit payments. Expenditures for national defense are balanced against checks to producers in the agricultural regions. Although most farmers admit their income has increased in the last two years, they are not pre-

pared to surrender the advantages of Federal aid. Secretary Henry A. Wallace has devised a certificate plan to meet the new situation, but, like every other relief program, it won't operate without fresh taxes. The Administration won't start the battle for increased taxation in an election year, while even the members of the farm bloc would like to appear before their constituents next Fall as open-handed Lords Bountiful. Taxes and re-election don't mix either on the national or local ticket.

At the same time, the farmers, accustomed to their slice of the Federal pie, are far from persuaded that they should be the first victims of the economy crusade. The European war, although benefiting a few city manufacturers, has by no means disposed of the country's wheat, cotton, corn, and tobacco surpluses. Even meat products are moving overseas in a slow dribble. As a result, the farmers, cheated of markets abroad, want their full share of favors at home. In all probability, the Administration will find that it is easier to initiate cash payments than suddenly to announce either their suspension or termination.

Talk of spending raises the interesting question of the debt limit. Forty-five billion dollars is the ceiling to the national indebtedness fixed by law. At the end of December 1939, a peak of forty-two billion dollars had been reached. That leaves the current session of Congress in a predicament. If appropriations continue on an election-year scale, they will blow the roof off the legal debt limit. Legislators can't be so conscienceless as to violate their own laws and consequently, unless some economy measures are considered, the Senators and Representatives must assume the responsibility for setting a new debt limit.

Should this happen, the White House will resound with chuckles. The President, not the Congress, will be in the clear. Mr. Roosevelt will be able to point to Capitol Hill with mirthful comments. Who then will merit the epithet: "Lenders-Spenders"? This is the real tug-of-war Inside Washington today: who will be obliged to make the first move in the direction of a fifty billion dollar debt limit? Those who start this movement have a good chance to wind up Outside Washington after the next elections.



Admiral Harold R. Stark



Wide World Photos

Bill O'Brien (No. 4) of Loyola University shows perfect balance as he palms off the ball after a recovery off the backboard

ONE of the outstanding characteristics of basketball, and its greatest weakness until recently, is that it has been a local game. Of all the major sports in America, it alone seems to have suffered from this peculiarity. At the Sun Bowl football game, for instance, when Catholic University of Washington, D. C., journeyed to El Paso to meet Arizona State on New Year's Day, they did not carry along their own officials, nor was their pre-game practice slanted toward any special Lone Star State interpretation of pigskin rules. Interpretations of the rules in the court game, however, varied like the weather until the turning point in 1935.

Up to that time the traveling team had no worries about the climate in the opposition gymnasium, but there was plenty else to befuddle the coach and players. The backboards might be of wood, steel, or glass, and the lighting effects on each of these materials often played tricks with the sharpshooter's "eye." The ball itself might be responsible for lost shots because of its peculiar bounce. Variety was the spice of the court game—the home team could use any one of a half-dozen kinds of balls. The players away from home might find a court floor almost twice the size of their own, with consequent weariness tearing them down before the game was little more than half over. For assurance on foreign courts, they desired officiating by their own conference interpretations.

In addition to the above administrative difficulties, which had to be ironed out before the game, the team itself had to decide what style of play they were likely to meet and to prepare themselves for either deliberate play or the fast break, two-handed set shots or one-handed shoves.

Seldom then did any team venture out of its backyard except when the lure of travel and quick profits overcame the objections of the benumbed coach. Along came Ned Irish, a promoter with an idea. He put basketball into Madison Square Garden and brought the best teams from the various conferences to play the metropolitan court artists. Consistently, the quintets have drawn over 13,000 customers and have often jammed 18,000 into the Garden. In the last week of 1939, intersectional games brought into the East such squads as Southern California, Texas, Tulane, Oklahoma A & M, Michigan, Oregon, Colorado, Santa Clara, Missouri, and McGill. This trend to the Pullman-sleeper basketball team was brought about partially by interpreting the rules in a more standard manner, though after those four short years some of the other inequalities still remain.

Though basketball had been one of the most sectional of games, until Ned Irish corralled the best teams of the country into the equivalent of a national play-off, its hold on the populace was amazing. Twenty million players were throwing the ball through the net yearly; another nebulous figure like eighty million were yelling wholeheartedly as the players dashed up and down the floor.

Basketball appeared to be the national sport after the war, but eastern players had nightmares of the football tactics of the cagers in the land west of Pennsylvania; the basketeers from the cow country and beyond shuddered at the prospect of the ready whistle of the eastern officials cramping their rugged style.

This 49-year-old game called basketball had to go

## BASKETBALL

through the same growing pains that attacked football and baseball in the periods just before and after Dr. James A. Naismith's peach-basket game was introduced so informally in the Springfield, Massachusetts, Y.M.C.A. College gymnasium in December 1891. Starting from scratch, the court game soon became fairly stabilized. It remained so until the late 1920's when players, coaches, spectators, and sports writers began to demand one change after another. Even the sport's inventor recently said the game was rougher than he had foreseen and much slower than it should have been according to his specifications. The past decade has been one of a quick succession of new rules, and now most coaches hope that the rules will be left alone so that the players and they themselves can catch up with the game.

Besides the fear of playing basketball under strange conditions in the days prior to 1935, another reason for sectionalism was the attitude of the people toward Dr. Naismith's game. In the eastern newspapers, basketball news took its place alongside hockey, boxing, and



the other popular winter sports. The fans were usually restricted to friends of the players, the students, and loyal alumni; plus a few devotees of the sport. Naturally such a game with its lack of appeal to the whole community did not stir up the controversy which demanded changes. The opponents were usually other local fives, and the type of game rarely varied.

In the Midwest a basketball game was the major event in the community not only for the sports loving, the students, and the alumni, but every man and many women found that they had to have an opinion on the forthcoming contest with the Centerville quintet. It was a sports event with social and even political significance—the major event in many towns and cities. The midwestern game of basketball therefore found itself meeting the demands of these strongly partisan spectators who, despite their leanings, came to see action, scoring, and speed. The players and the coaches gave these to the fans. The referees, rather than ride out of town on a rail, gave the crowd what they wanted.

In the South and the Far West, the necessity for indoor winter sports was not so great and basketball had to compete with other forms of recreation.

Therefore, only rarely until 1935 did the lion of one sector slip out to do battle with the titan of another. If the game appeared to be a crowd-puller, the coaches, players, and home fans swallowed their objections. The entire group planned the battle through all the elements of rule interpretation, differences of ball and backboard, of floor space, and lighting.

One of the first moves in recent years to speed up the game and more nearly equalize the tempo was to



*James White of St. John's misses a basket in the first half of the game between St. John's and Colorado*

## COMES OF AGE

By WILLIAM H. BAUMER, JR.

put in the ten-second rule, that is, the ball must cross the mid stripe of the court within ten seconds after the attacking team has regained it in the back court. This was a blow to the deliberate attacks. The ruling affected the conservative play of the East probably far more than the faster play of the West. Scores such as Carnegie Tech's defeat of the College of the City of New York in the 1926 season, by the low score of 13-12, were no longer probable. The scores jumped out of the teens and the crowds lifted themselves from their seats in the bleachers.

Speed became a mania and the center jump was eliminated. This increased the playing time from six to eight minutes a game. It also did away with much of the roughhouse jumping tactics, the "held" balls after the tip, and certainly made play smoother and more continuous. It has also increased the average running by the college player from two and a half miles per game to almost four. One coach who had no tall men said that the new rule would eliminate the "tall downs." The tall players have stayed though and tal-

ented cagers like Mike Novak of Loyola (Chicago) are batting the ball out of its course just as it is about to descend into the net. Now the rules committee is considering what to do about such goal tending. Scores now have soared into the point-a-minute class and players like Luisetti of Stanford have broken major records. He tossed in fifty points against Duquesne a few seasons back. Speed, as here brought into the game, has affected all teams equally and has brought about a universal stepping-up of scoring and of action. The sectional tempo of the game has been equalized.

In today's basketball play, there are many differences which will probably not be ironed out, and yet they will supply the diversity found in football, with the Southwest's wide-open style of play and the Midwest's powerhouse methods.

The methods of shooting show this variance in the court game. In the East, the emphasis was until recently on long shots, and teams like Long Island University became famous for their long distance sharpshooting. It has been the unusual western team with all its tricks that has been able to defeat L. I. U., and then only because of a sharpshooter like Stanford's Luisetti.

Unfortunately for the East, most of its teams do not share L. I. U.'s ability at hitting the net consistently. The teams from the corn country and from the prairies have been the winners in the intersectional games. Up to Christmas time of 1939, the members of the Big Ten Conference had won 36 of 43 games against all comers. Among these games 17 might be classed as intersectional and the Big Ten has won 15.

Some persons of a sociological bent suggest that such playing ability is the outpouring of the rugged spirit of the pioneers. Court coaches sniff and say that speed,

new developments, and the flood of good high school players is the real answer. One of the recent laughs was on a certain California university team which had five Indiana High School graduates on its squad.

There is little argument though that the teams of the Mississippi Valley play a superior brand of basketball. The stress is on the offense and the long shot is discouraged. They prefer to "work" the ball in by plays and then push in a short shot. The shooting has become more and more one-handed—a thing that was severely frowned on in the East until very recently, where, as a matter of fact, it has not yet been generally adopted. It appears that the one-hand shot came originally from the West Coast but that the Midwesterners have become apt pupils. In their offensive style of play, the West goes in for rough and rugged play which often causes pileups on the floor and an occasional falling on the ball in the best football manner. The East, on the other hand, has gone in for tricks and skills in the functioning of the offense, preferring to wait for their arts to wear the opponent down.

Systems of play still vary considerably. One coach whose team had suffered a disastrous losing streak described his "system" in the following words:

"We feature a collapsible defense when we lose the ball and a wonderful triple-threat offense if we happen to get it. Our defense 'faints' while our triple-threat offense consists of 'stumble,' 'fumble,' and 'grumble.'"

St. John's University of Brooklyn is often credited with originating the often criticized post-pivot play. A ballhandler for the forward line weaves down court to his position in the foul lane with his back to the basket. Taking passes from his teammates, he may either feed the ball back to them as they cut past him, or he may pivot to shoot. This play, used by practically all teams, caused a ganging up under the basket and consequent rough play. The three-second rule was designed to keep players out of this foul lane but speed has outwitted this rule and the post-pivot play has remained.

Many other sectional differences pop up in play other than the different shooting methods and attacks. In the eastern sector the game is more stereotyped because of general conservativeness and because of the belief in the long, two-handed set shot. The Midwest, with its varying attacks, its "contact" play, and shots

from any spot on the floor with one or both hands, is a more interesting type of play for the spectator.

Sectionalism was never more painfully evident than in the controversy over "blocks" and "screens." These terms were difficult for the coaches to grasp for a long time but once the intersectional games were well under way, the rule book won out and the interpretation today favors neither the contact game of the West nor the opposite style of the East.

Uniformity in officiating has lagged somewhat behind the gradual unifying of the game of basketball. The big-time officials have had a real task in learning the varying sectional types of play and in bringing them all under the standard rule interpretations. Also the referees have had to forget their sectional likes and dislikes. Formerly in the West the officials could only please the spectators by allowing slight contacts in the back court, so as to move the play quickly toward the attacker's goal. This speeded up the game and did possibly contribute to some roughness. The back court was very important to the eastern referee who called fouls, when he saw them, to the obvious displeasure of the fans. The officials in the past in the same eastern games have been accused of "undressing" the player with the ball—that is, watching the play of the men away from the ball too closely. The spectators watch the men near the ball and are usually exasperated when play is stopped to call a foul on a player elsewhere.

Everywhere, officiating has improved, and since the increase in intersectional games rule interpretation has become quite standardized. Due to their own forcefulness and to the aid of the coaches, the officials no longer find the players putting on an act of hurt amazement when a foul is called. A code of signals has been suggested for referees to appease the spectators. Also the sportsmanlike acknowledgment of the foul by the player has been suggested as an improvement in the spirit of the game.

For the first time in the history of basketball, there is a real opportunity for national unity, with standard interpretations of the rules, similarity of play, uniform equipment, and uniform size of courts. Perhaps Catholic University and Arizona State during the 1940's may meet in a Sun Bowl basketball game with the same feeling as in football, that their sole worry is in the varying attack and defense of the opposing team's play.

## Suggestion To Critics

By EDITH TATUM

*If in the woodland's lordly host  
A small, frail tree holds hidden nest,  
Or if beneath its cooling shade  
Some creature lies in peace to rest,  
Then think not it has lived in vain  
Though straggling in the forest's train.*

*God gave the birds His angels' wings,  
He put songs in their tiny throats,  
Nor does He scorn the humble ones  
That warble only simple notes.  
This is the truth for bird and tree,  
Why is it not for you and me?*

# Better Crime Control

By JOHN EDGAR HOOVER

THE spirit of youth, which is always recognized by adult minds, excuses many of the escapades in which our youngsters become involved. However, when these activities become criminal, it is another thing—not to be condoned, but to be corrected. The line of demarcation separating juvenile pranks from juvenile crime is too often crossed, and today the task of properly directing the energies of our youth has become the greatest single crime problem with which we are confronted.

If a foreign foe of five million persons threatened this land of ours, our citizens would be quick to rise to arms. Yet little is done about the army of almost similar proportions that daily threatens our very existence. The appalling thing about this criminal army is that its recruits number nearly one million persons who have not yet attained their majority. For the first nine months of 1939, 35.5 per cent of the persons arrested by law enforcement agencies throughout this country, whose records were submitted to the Federal Bureau of Investigation, were persons under the age of 25. To the Special Agents of the FBI and other law enforcement officials this fact is one of the most discouraging things we must face. These arrests were not for pranks, but for major crimes such as murder, manslaughter, robbery, burglary, and larceny.

For this same period 46.4 per cent of all burglaries, 33.5 per cent of all larcenies, 29.3 per cent of all robberies, and 52.9 per cent of all auto thefts were committed by persons under 21 years of age. In my opinion these statistics are indictments against constituted society, against the indulgence and apathy of a people that refuses to recognize the need for real community-wide and home-wide crime prevention programs. It is more of an indictment against adulthood than against youth. We have not paid sufficient attention to the delinquency problem.

Early in the history of our nation we undoubtedly had the counterpart

of what is the wayward youth of today. But those early generations offered outlets for the excess energies of the young people. The pioneering spirit was everywhere, and with new worlds to conquer there was no such thing as a juvenile crime problem. Unconsciously, perhaps, our forebears provided the necessary facilities for training and guiding the young of that day into proper channels. It has often been said that "Satan finds work for idle hands to do," and that saying was just as true years ago as it is today. But with the coming of our large industrial centers conditions changed. Instead of forests abounding with wild life, we have our cities abounding with cheap poolhalls and taverns, where too often our young people gather to find recreation otherwise denied them.

We have too many smoke-filled barrooms where our youths congregate to listen to the boastful tales of some person who has already entered a life of criminality. Our Boy Scouts and other worthwhile youth organizations have too few of our young on their enrollment records. We have too many reform schools and not enough camps where our children might be properly guided during their formative years. Our penal institutions are not the answer to this crime problem, and if we are to sit back, a complacent people, refusing to recognize the seriousness of the task confronting us, it will grow steadily worse.

Our CCC Camps, inaugurated during one of the worst economic crises this country has been through, undoubtedly have been the salvation of hundreds of thousands of our youth who, unattended, might well have turned to a life of crime during the period of their enforced idleness. I am firmly convinced that only when we as a nation recognize this problem, and take affirmative steps to overcome it, shall we see an improvement in our juvenile crime rate.

It is obvious that if we could begin today and take such action as would insure that every boy and girl of this

nation would learn the ideals of good citizenship and respect for the rights and property of others, our crime problem would soon be negligible, for if we can control our youth today, then our men of tomorrow will be worthwhile, substantial citizens and crime will diminish proportionately.

We of the law enforcement profession probably realize better than any other group the tremendous loss to society resulting from youth in crime. Many police departments sponsor wide-flung youth activities in order to reduce juvenile delinquency. Every officer, whether he be a man on the beat or a Special Agent of the FBI, wants to be a friend to the growing boy and girl. Likewise every officer recognizes the seriousness of the juvenile problem in crime. But the law enforcement profession, large as it is, is a pitifully small group to combat successfully this menace without the assistance, support, and full cooperation of all citizens.

I firmly believe that the solution lies in wholesome, properly supervised play and recreation. More liberal appropriations should be made for playgrounds and for youth organizations. The citizens of this country should manifest their interest by getting behind and stanchly supporting every such movement after inquiry has established its sincerity.

RESPECT for the law and order of the community, of the State, or of the government is based upon the early teaching of respect for the rights and privileges of others. Redoubled effort today should be devoted in the home, in the school, and in the community to mold our young into good citizens. With present-day problems of the world, good citizenship more than ever is a necessity for national stability and actual survival. There must be engendered in our young a national loyalty that looks up to the American Flag with clear eyes, clean hearts, and with the realization that it guarantees life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to the decent and the law-abiding.



# Impulsively

by W. DUDLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN MURPHY

THE woodland stream bustled under the plank bridge where Sheriff Vicat stood, and hurried on with a busy chatter. The sheriff stared into the stream at an object caught by driftwood against a boulder. From the edge of the forest he cut a forked stick, returned to the bridge, tested the handrail to see if it would hold him, leaned over, and balanced on the stick's fork the object that attracted him. With a grunt of triumph he lifted it from the water. What he had retrieved was a matchbox.

Vicat turned it over in his big fingers, opened it, shut it. "That box hasn't been in water a long time," he muttered, "or the label would have soaked off. H'm . . ." And he fell to musing.

Vicat had had the forethought to test the bridge's handrail before he leaned over it. For he was essentially a man of discretion, of caution. That was why the countryside had named him Wary Vicat.

Now, holding the matchbox, his thoughts ran:

"Funny, a matchbox floating down a lonely place like this. Too late in the season for picnickers; no gypsies either, or I'd have seen them. Can the box have come from Jenkins, wanted for murder? We gave up searching for him, thinking he'd left the county. But he's a local man and—ay!"

Into Vicat's eyes came a keen, appraising gleam. "Right up, near where the stream is a mere trickle, is the Witches' Thicket, and in it the old hut. We never searched there! It might be worth looking into."

He strode briskly away, but did not rush off to the thicket. That would not have done for him—Wary Vicat. He must use caution, think the matter over, and plan the details.

If the wanted man were in

Witches' Thicket, he was likely to be less alert at night, so darkness had fallen when Vicat again entered the woods. He brought with him a flashlight, knowing that among the trees the darkness would be intense; but even with the light his progress was slow, for he had to contend with fallen trunks and tangles of undergrowth. Reaching a glade, he knew that a swamp lay ahead of him that he must skirt, but to his surprise he heard an unmistakable squelch, and glancing down he saw that one foot had already vanished.

"Swamp so soon!" he muttered. "It must have extended because of the autumn rains."

At that moment the flashlight went out, leaving him in darkness. Without light he dare neither advance nor retreat, lest he blunder into the swamp.

"It was the bulb that failed," he thought. "For the light went suddenly."

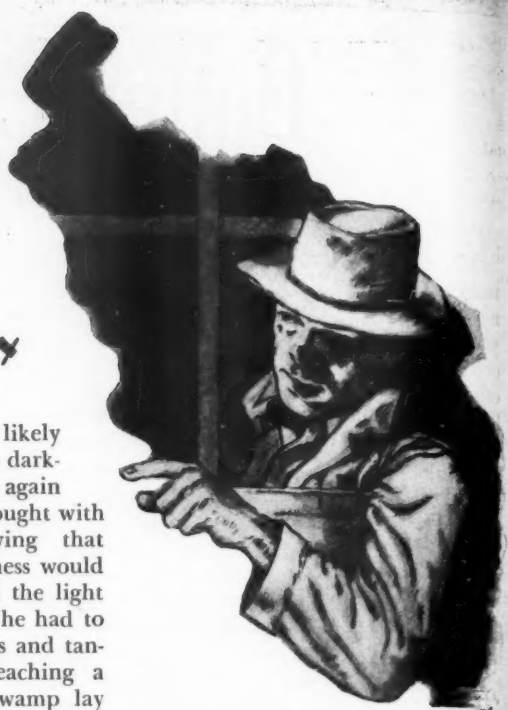
In a few moments the flashlight shone as strongly as ever, for he had brought with him a spare bulb. Wary Vicat!

He struck off at a tangent, skirted the swamp and entered the thicket where he hoped to find Jenkins, the murderer.

"Of course," he thought, "maybe he's not here at all, for I've only a matchbox to guide me, but if he's here he must be in the hut."

He was now near the house, so he thought it wise to switch off his flashlight and wait for the moonrise.

He leaned against a tree and waited. He was deep in the forest, where the trees grew thick, and the darkness was so impenetrable as to appear solid, while the silence seemed complete; but as his ears grew attuned he heard the forest and the



*Vicat jerked away the sacking from the window and thrust in his head*

night communing in mysterious whispers and tiny rustlings. There was a certain eeriness, a suggestion of unknown possibilities in his surroundings that might have tested a townsman's nerve, but Vicat was country born and bred, and unvisited by false alarms.

He remained motionless until a wan flood of moonlight came seeping through the trees. The clearing round the hut was now fully illumined, and he made a careful approach, loosening his gun as he walked. He did not expect to use it, for he had bullock-strength, but he was Wary Vicat, a man of caution.

The hint the matchbox had given him was slight, but as he listened at the hut he heard a stifled cough. Very gently he tried to open the door but it remained immovable; so he crept to the window and peered in. The only light was a shaded candle, and sitting on a pile of sacks was Jenkins, the murderer. One of the window panes was smashed and the hole stuffed with sacking. Vicat jerked away the sacking, thrust in his head, and said simply:

"Jenkins, I've got you."

With the utmost calm he pulled down the window catch, opened the frame, and clambered in. Captor and captured looked at each other. There

seemed nothing of the murderer about Jenkins; he appeared merely a homely rustic. As he met the sheriff's gaze, his white face sank lower and lower, until with a sudden piteous cry he sobbed in a passion of grief.

Vicat coughed awkwardly behind his big, red hand. He looked round the hut, and grimaced. It was a wretched retreat—damp, cold, and its only furnishing was the sacks.

He waited patiently for the prisoner's sobs to subside; then he held out a bag of sandwiches and a flask of coffee.

Jenkins turned on the food a famished gaze.

"God bless you," he muttered, and reached out eager hands.

"I thought you'd be hungry, hiding away up here," Vicat explained, and for awhile neither spoke.

"How did you trace me?" inquired Jenkins, munching the last of the sandwiches. "Didn't leave tracks, did I?"

"It was the matchbox floating downstream."

"Shucks!" said Jenkins. "I should have thought of that, but I was annoyed at finding the box empty, and I flung it into the stream. I didn't think. I acted impulsively."

"You shouldn't have done it," said Vicat gravely. "Acting impulsively is always a silly thing to do. It's much better to stop and think. That's what I'd have done." He added gently, "We must be going."

Jenkins nodded and they left the hut. They walked some distance and in silence. Then Vicat said:

"I should never have thought you were a man to do mur— what you did. And in front of witnesses too. You must have been mad!"

"Must I?" asked Jenkins bitterly. "Yes, it's easy to talk, but no man knows what he'll do if driven to it. I'll tell you how it came about. It was simple enough. That Coles was in love with my wife. He was a townsman, flashy in his ways and nimble

with his tongue, and I just a plain, awkward chap. Alice got a bit dazed, and I saw her ripening like a plum on a tree, getting ready to drop into his hands. What could I do? Talking only made things worse—made rows between her and me. She was free to have a friend, she said; and there you are.

"But I could see our lives being ruined and our home going. And it was Coles, too, that set my boy drinking. Wife and son! I tell you I was nearly crazy! And all the time Coles was grinning in my face.

"Then I met him on the cliff top, and he taunted me about Alice and my boy. And suddenly I saw the void behind him and saw the sea below. I hit him. Over he went, and I stood on top and heard him strike the rocks beneath. Of course I ought to have looked around before I hit him, but I didn't. Never thought there was a party of picnickers to see me hit him. I was in a frenzy because of the way he'd wronged me, and when he



Something twisted and turned in the closed fingers of his left hand. It was a stick. Instinctive'y he gripped it.

taunted me with it I acted impulsively."

"You should have thought first," said Vicat reprovingly. "Fancy not looking around to see if anyone was watching you. I can't understand it. You say you acted impulsively. That's only another way of saying you acted like a fool."

THE MOON had risen clear of the forest, and trees, hill, and lake shone with a pallid beauty. Both men climbed over a confusion of earth, stone and uprooted shrubs where the heavy rains had caused a neighboring embankment to collapse. They continued along a path that would take them to the village.

Wary Vicat thought—but did not say—that had he been goaded as Jenkins had, he too might have killed the taunting wrecker of his home. But *not* impulsively. No, he would have planned, allowed for contingencies, and been discreet. And he would have succeeded just the same, but gone free! Jenkins would be fortunate if he escaped hanging—simply because he had acted impulsively. What folly!

"Is that a flashlight you have?" asked Jenkins, interrupting his train of thought. "If it is you'd better switch it on."

Here the path turned sharply and entered a grove of trees, where the darkness was in direct contrast to the moonlight, and confusing to the eyes.

"Yes," agreed Vicat. "I'll switch it on."

As his thumb clicked against the switch, Jenkins gave a shout:

"Path's gone! Been a landslide—"

But the warning was too late. Vicat trod on empty air, fell sideways, and went rolling down the slope of a recent landslide. With feet and hands he tried to arrest his progress, but the fresh earth merely yielded. He grabbed a projecting root; it snapped, and he dropped into a mass which opened sluggishly, closed again, and gripped him with a tenacity peculiarly glutinous. And a dread thought sped like a bullet through his mind. The swamp!

He knew, with a frantic beating of his heart, that the swamp had him. He could see it in the moonlight, feel its coldness soaking through his clothes, and hear it sigh and gurgle with his every movement.

Stones and earth, disturbed by his

fall, were still dropping round him in a series of plops. A chunk of rock fell with a sullen squelch before him, and he felt its slow descent against his body. Past chest, stomach, thighs, and when it reached his feet he tried to stand on it, but the rock continued downwards, leaving him fighting to reach the firm ground so enticingly near.

Life is dear, and Vicat fought superbly to retain it. His legs moved with vigorous kicks, and his powerful arms strained at the solid earth. The violence of his efforts caused the swamp to quiver and shake all around him with the mobility of a jelly, and to sigh, and vent hollow sucking noises like the surge of the sea in a cave.

Presently his legs grew still, and his arms dropped in surrender. He was exhausted, and glancing down saw that his breast pocket, which before had been visible, had now disappeared. The swamp was claiming him, slowly, relentlessly drawing him down. He said, very quietly:

"My God, I'm going!"

He looked with agony at the full moon, so clear, so beautiful, yet so unmoved by his plight. There stole upon him a merciful semi-stupor, which could not, however, prevent the focus of his thoughts from swinging to and fro among unrelated things. Jenkins and his crime. . . . What a silly fellow to act so impulsively. Why didn't he think first? . . . The glint of sun on wet leaves. . . . The crunching sound an apple made between his teeth. . . . The button off his shirt, which his landlady ought to have sewn on. . . . His mother's little parlor; he had forgotten it for over thirty years, but how distinct it was now! The clutter of photos and china, damp patch behind the door, and the music stool with the revolving seat! As a boy he had loved to spin that seat. He was doing it now, and heard with delight the same old squeaky whir. But suddenly the stool flew into luminous pieces that formed the letters of a word. And the word was "Down." *Down!* The word jabbed him, gave him a twinge of fear, for that was where he was going—down, down into the swamp!

Then a phantom form leaned over him, waved its arms and screamed words drained of half their meaning: "Catch hold, man, catch hold!"

Something twisted and turned in

the closed fingers of his left hand. It was a stick. Instinctively he gripped, and saw with detached interest that Jenkins had the other end and was toiling on the bank. He watched Jenkins' efforts with the same detached interest, saw him lean back on the stick and heave. It was a good effort. He felt himself move, and all at once his understanding came rushing back, so that he seized the stick with both hands and began to struggle again. Jenkins made immediate headway, and the swamp, with a sob that was infinitely regretful, released its hold. Sheriff Vicat sprawled on solid earth.

He sat up and said dully:

"That was a close one."

"Yes," returned Jenkins, rubbing his unshaven chin. He added awkwardly, "It was a ground ash stick that saved you. Can't beat ground ash when it comes to work like that. Supple and strong."

"That's right," agreed Vicat weakly. "Muddy, ain't it?" And opening his pocket knife he began to scrape the mud from his clothes.

"You were a fool to save me," he said presently, without looking up. "Don't you see you could have left me in the swamp, made your escape, and nobody would have known about you."

"Yes," said Jenkins. "That would have been the wise thing to do, of course; but I didn't think of it. I saw you in the swamp and I acted impulsively. I pulled you out."

SOME BATS like flakes of the night were flitting above the swamp. A white owl came swooping down as if to catch its shadow skimming over the swamp's face. The bats vanished, the owl passed on, and only a feather was left spiralling down in the moonlight.

The sheriff paused in his scraping and looked woodenly at the swamp.

"In this wallet," he said slowly, "is some money. Take it. The last I saw of you was in the swamp! That's what I'm going to report. Clear out!"

And he began again to scrape his clothes, while behind him the sound of running feet died away in the night.

He scraped busily for some minutes. Suddenly he paused, and into his face came a look of startled amazement, for he realized that even he, Wary Vicat, had for once acted impulsively.



# Plan For Press Month

By AULEEN BORDEAUX EBERHARDT

A GREAT many Catholics know that the Catholic Press is important. They realize that it is practically the only medium in America today which is not swayed by propaganda, which tells the truth fearlessly.

There are, however, a great many other Catholics to whom the Catholic Press is simply a matter of indifference. They are not antagonistic toward it by any means; they just do not think much about it. Its importance has never impressed itself upon their minds.

It is high time for these Catholics to wake up and give the Catholic Press the support it deserves.

It is not an impractical dream nor an impossible task to get support for the Catholic Press. It needs only vision and organization.

It is well known that Catholic organizations, at conventions and special meetings, pass beautifully worded resolutions urging support of the Catholic Press. But usually the work ends here. The thought is planted in the minds of the membership that the Catholic Press should be supported—but nothing tangible is done about it.

And yet these very organizations have it in their power to perform a valuable service to the Church—and to themselves. Everyone knows that if an organization has no special work to do, the interest of its members wanes and eventually dies. What project could be more stimulating and more vitalizing than massed support of the Catholic Press? Members who subscribed for a paper through the organization would find renewed satisfaction at the appearance of every number. Each time they read it they would feel a justifiable pride in knowing that, through their efforts, this particular publication was receiving the support that it needs to make it a great power for good.

Press month is here. Why not do something to support the Catholic Press during February?

Here is a simple and effective plan. Let the heads of Catholic organizations devote the month of February to a Catholic Press program. The first step is to announce this program

either by means of the telephone committee, club bulletin, or local newspaper.

Then a display of Catholic periodicals and newspapers, including, of course, the diocesan organ, should be attractively arranged, either on the platform or in a conspicuous place in the meeting hall. The next step is to appoint a subscription committee, composed of earnest and energetic members who fully realize that in getting a subscriber to a Catholic periodical they are working both for the good of their church and their organization. Subscription blanks could be secured from the offices of Catholic publications, together with sample copies.

Now for the program. One of the most interesting forms of entertainment for club members is the panel discussion. Six or eight members could work up an interesting and highly informative sketch concerning the importance of the Catholic Press. They could highlight their discussions by quoting excerpts from various Catholic magazines. Questions and answers today rank high in popularity, and these, too, could be secured from Catholic magazines and worked into the program. A dynamic speaker could be secured to give an appeal for the support of the Catholic Press along general lines.

At the conclusion of the educational features of the program, the chairman of the subscription committee could announce that orders would be received from those who desire a particular paper or magazine.

The display of Catholic publications should be kept all during February, and into March if the program is late in getting started. If a bulletin is issued by the club, an appeal for the Catholic Press might be made therein. The slogan for the organization during February might very well be: "Every member subscribe for a Catholic publication during Press Month."

Meanwhile, the subscription committee would carry on its work. Members could be contacted personally or by telephone. Subscriptions could

be taken up not only at the February meetings but also in March.

Is this plan workable? Has it ever been put into actual practice?

Again, yes. Dubuque, Iowa, furnished a concrete example of what can be done for the Catholic Press a few years ago. Our Lady of Victory Court, Catholic Daughters of America, launched a campaign for the official archdiocesan newspaper. Talks were given, subscription blanks passed out, and members were contacted personally and by telephone. A month was allotted to the drive. At its completion, 250 subscriptions at \$2.00 each had been obtained!

Dubuque organizations, among them the Knights of Columbus and the Sherman Circle, undertook the work of placing subscriptions to Catholic magazines in the Public Library. Today there are eleven national Catholic publications available in the reading room!

THE AVERAGE member of a Catholic organization would subscribe for a Catholic paper or magazine if he or she were urged to do so at club meetings where good fellowship and good sportsmanship prevail. However, groundwork must be done. Organization members must come to a realization that the Catholic Press is out of the babyhood stage and has now grown up. Today many Catholic magazines are of a very high caliber and are constantly improving.

Nearly every town in the United States that boasts of a Catholic church possesses at least one Catholic organization. Here, then, is an appeal to the leaders of these organizations: do something during February and March to support the Catholic Press. Write to Catholic magazines and papers for sample copies to be placed on a display rack. Urge your membership to subscribe to them. Rally your officers and committees around you to get every member of your organization to subscribe to a Catholic magazine or paper.

It will be work, of course. But you want work. Your organization will wither away unless it has something worthwhile for which to labor.



Triangle Photo

# Pulling Down the Idols

By DUNSTAN THOMAS, C.P.

THE missionary these days often meets persons from far-off sections of China, and in some instances friendships are formed. We are often a help to these newcomers who may find themselves in great embarrassment. To many of the Chinese settling in new surroundings, the customs and superstitions seem as strange and irreconcilable as they do to us in the beginning, and then a painful readjustment must be made.

I have in mind Mr. Wang, who was educated in America and talks English fluently. He has been in town a month with his family. We

are sufficiently friendly to talk on terms of familiarity, and I have earned his gratitude by arranging with a charitable Christian family to take in his wife, who is with child.

Mr. Wang complained bitterly that he had tried in vain to find lodgings and that no landlord would consent to housing a stranger with child, for fear of a curse descending on the house afterwards. No silly superstition of that sort prevails in his native place. He moreover deplored the fact that there was no lying-in hospital here. I didn't say it, but it crossed my

mind that Shylock is getting his pound of flesh quite frequently even in these days; and that Mr. Wang, had he known the local customs, might have saved himself much trouble. A five dollar bill could have done it, with the spirits being placated and the landlord richer thereby.

Mr. Wang shook his head and said, "Really, Father, I can't understand it. I suppose you, too, are sometimes greatly annoyed at the superstitions of my people." He was sympathetic. I knew Mr. Wang had been amused at many things since coming here and I hastened to say,

"I have great respect for your people and count many of them among my friends, though they are not of my fold, and I can say quite truthfully that I have been annoyed at some superstitions in the past. But happily too, I've more than once enjoyed a good laugh at the time."

I then mentioned the incident of the kite that "Hump" was flying one day and which fell on the roof of a neighbor's house. The whole neighborhood forthwith got into a row which lasted for several hours. If a kite resembling a human form falls on a house, someone in that family is marked for death during the year; at least the superstition says so. The only way to avert that calamity is to move, or silly as it seems, give a guarantee that no one will die. There is a sly insinuation of money in this.

It was March when young and old were flying kites of all descriptions. There were huge ones shaped like fishes, centipedes, and birds, and that ever-latent troublemaker, the man kite, as it is termed. Those flying that kite are more often children, and they get many warnings to use every precaution to keep it away from roofs.

But with so many kites flying aloft on a windy day, it isn't surprising that a mishap of the nature "Hump" got into does occur. I was upstairs watching the fun and could see several old ladies across the way watching like hawks to spot any kite which might fall on their house, when the very thing happened.

"Hump" hadn't quite timed pulling his kite in, and as a result the string caught on the tiles and snapped. At once like the sudden rushing of a wind all his pals yelled in amazement, "Hump! You are in for it! The best thing you can do now is to sneak the kite off the roof, though your mother owns the house." Hump seemed to grow wings. The Chinese ordinarily are apathetic, but when needs be they can move with celerity. Hump in a jiffy was working with a long bamboo pole in back of the house vainly trying to dislodge the captive kite.

In the meantime the whole street swarmed with the curious of the neighborhood, to hear Hump's mother and a rough old lady, the

innocent victim of it all, having it out hot and heavy in a brawl which reached superlative heights of an uncomplimentary nature.

Each side had its sympathizers and the din of battle disrupted the kite flying for the day. Finally Hump in a masterful effort, got the kite free, which considerably helped the situation in front. At that precise moment, the village peace-maker appeared and with a skill born of experience succeeded in exerting a calming effect on the brawlers, who by now, exhausted in their vocabularies and strength, sought the interior of their houses.

"Did that settle the row?" Mr. Wang asked smilingly. "Hardly," I answered, smiling in turn. "The old lady was taking no chances with an early visitation from death. I saw her hobble out of the house at nightfall followed by some one carrying her scanty belongings. The next day Hump's mother called in the pagan priests who purified the cursed house and in another week there was a new tenant in it.

I have the greatest admiration for the new soldiers. They have a wide jurisdiction and one of their duties is to educate the people in renouncing superstitions. Chanticleer, after centuries of going to the block to spill his blood in propitiation to the spirit of the departed, may now enjoy official protection. I saw him yesterday rescued from the sacrificial knife by a soldier and carried off. He seemed to realize his narrow escape, for he crowed lustily.

The onlookers laughed good-naturedly, but not the owner, who remarked sorrowfully, "I paid a dollar for that bird." When any more wakes are celebrated hereafter, it is decreed that the rooster be absent from the liturgy—the sacrifice to be made rather toward helping the sick and wounded soldiers, whom the city has undertaken by subscription to nurse back to health.

In the feathery kingdom's book of "Who's Who," Chanticleer's name ranks high. We may read of him immortalized in song and poetry, and on the stage there is a play bearing his name. Heraldry, too, displays his gallant figure on noblemen's coats of arms. He is the poor man's alarm clock which heralds the dawn. Scripture mentions him in connection with Peter's denial of Christ and down to the day of

the Apostle's death Chanticleer's voice reminded Peter of his sin. To sacrifice, then, a creature of such noble lineage to the hideous ends of superstition is indeed be-meaning him. I have often wished I could free him from such abject slavery.

The statue of the much-worshipped and often much abused rain god recently met with an inglorious end when it, along with other idols, was burned by the soldiers. They had moved into the city's largest temple where these idols had been worshipped for generations by the inhabitants of Kaotsun. I can rejoice with propriety over the rain god's downfall, because on many occasions in the past, this cult was the cause of much annoyance to me.

In a big famine of some years ago, he was being carried day and night in procession about the city. I remember standing one day at the mission gate watching him being carried by and in a moment of displeasure I made a deprecating remark about him. The bearer, overhearing me, said: "Please don't say such things. Pray to your God for rain."

As rain didn't come that day or the next, the statue was left standing out in the scorching sun. The Chinese actually talked to it in abusive terms and I remember hearing one fellow say, "You will stay there and burn up like our crops until you grant our petitions."



*Grotesque statuary of the Orient*



# CHINESE ODDITIES

By

KIERAN RICHARDSON, C.P.

IT IS REALLY amusing to hear some of the Chinese give their conception of world geography. They generally contend that China is the center of the earth, and that it is surrounded by the other nations. To one who does not appreciate the Chinese psychology, this may sound a bit conceited; but really that is not the case. It is simply that they are patriotic. We Americans are quite the same fundamentally, subconsciously referring other countries to our own as points of a sphere to its center. Be that as it may, the former capital of the vast expanse of land, and the center of all its culture, was Peking.

Peking lies in the northeastern part of China, about one hundred and fifty miles inland from the Yellow Sea. It is a rather flat place, about three miles square, and hemmed in by towering walls which are about forty feet high. Within these walls, and immediately outside them, are all the ancient dwelling places of the Emperors of old. Although it has many foreign establishments, Peking cannot be called a foreign city—as can Shanghai, Tientsin and Hong Kong—for its foreign influences are limited and confined to a rather small quarter of the city. By far the greater portion of it is Chinese, and here you can see Chinese life as it is lived anywhere in China.

After five weeks here my eyes have been surfeited with hundreds of sights, every one of which was strange to one who was accustomed to nothing but the ways of American civilization. Some of these I will now report, trusting that they will prove interesting to the readers of THE SIGN.

Recently, while pedaling my bike to school, my health was momentari-



*Traffic hazard for Peking riders. Note the rubber tires*

ly jeopardized. It happened in one of Peking's thousand alleys. Ahead of me, and traveling in the same direction, were two heavily laden donkey carts. I honked my horn as a signal to the drivers to give me as much room as possible, for with a donkey cart in a Peking alley, there is not much room for any other sizeable thing. Yet I figured I could make it, if they pulled over just a little. With just barely enough room for a bike between the carts and a wall, I cautiously proceeded. I got safely by the first cart (my horn still honking), when suddenly the driver up ahead pulled his cart over, thus closing up slowly the space through which I was navigating. I was traveling sufficiently fast to get by the cart, but the donkey and the wall had formed a wedge which made me stop fast. Instantaneously the driver had the situation in hand. Encouraged by my lusty shouting he pulled the beast over, thus opening up the way for me. On I went without a scratch on me or my bike.

These carts were loaded down with coal dust, the kind of stuff we in the United States wash away from our coal. Here in China, where nothing is wasted, they use coal dust to great advantage. It is carted in from the mines, which lie in the hills outside the city, and is sold to local dealers. These dealers then take clay

and water and make a paste, into which the coal dust is mixed thoroughly until the whole batter is one black mass. It is then spread out in layers, about an inch thick, and left to dry out in the sun. When it is partly dried it is cut up into small portions which are rolled into what might resemble black walnuts. These rolled pieces are then left to dry thoroughly, and then it is a finished product. This synthetic product is not, of course, as good as pure coal. But it does burn, and helps to keep warm those who cannot afford to buy real coal.

After four thousand years of civilization, a lumber mill apparently does not exist within the confines of Peking. I may be wrong in this, but if I am I find it hard to understand what I have so frequently seen. Carpenters are plentiful here, and good carpenters too. Their technique is very skillful, and their work fine, but their process is painfully slow, and all because there is no lumber mill. Building here begins right from the tree.

If you want a chapel or a house built the carpenters will bring in huge uncut timbers, and before your eyes they will strip them down and tool them into anything from roof beams to hat racks. They consume a tremendous amount of time to produce the goods, but when they do,

their product looks as good as anything I have seen in foreign countries. Their wood cutting is truly an art, and the skill of the Chinese sawyer is something I have never seen before. Recently I stood enthralled, watching a team of sawyers stripping a twenty-foot tree into planks which were a half inch in thickness. If you don't think that is difficult, just try sawing along a straight line for just one foot.

CHINA is still primitive for the most part, and that applies equally to Peking. Few of the native homes have running water. Many have pumps right in their backyard but many more have not, and so their water must come from the public water wells of which Peking has an abundance. Because of their location and because of the tremendous population here it is quite inconvenient for each family to fetch its own water. So they get this essential commodity from the "water-man," to whom they pay a small fee for delivering it.

When I speak of the "water-man" you must not visualize a uniformed driver pulling up to the door in a streamlined tank truck, for here the water is delivered in an aggravating little vehicle which resembles a flat wheel-barrow, to which is nailed two elongated tubs about two feet in length. I say aggravating, because they make the weirdest sound as they are maneuvered along Peking streets. The wheel and axle are both made of wood, and the perpetual contact of both produces an effect on the auditory nerves which is even more unpleasant than the noise made by scraping an inflated balloon.

Practically all foreigners react the same to this annoying sound of the water barrow. They are seized with an impulse to stop at the nearest garage, buy a pound of grease, and smear the axle of every water-barrow they meet. Carl Crow in a recent article entitled "China's 400,000,000" depicts the cacophonous water-barrow very nicely: "Wooden axle impinges upon wooden hub with unearthly screeches which drive a nervous person frantic. Aside from a certain rhythmic repetition of the sounds, the effect is that of a rather tired pig caught under a gate." In the endeavor to rationalize on the universality of squeaky wheel-barrow in China, he maintains that the cause



Fr. Raphael Vance, C.P., starting out on one of his missionary tours of the large Supu district

is not to be found in the fact that the wheel-barrow coolie is too poor to spend any money on precious grease. "The simple truth of the matter is that he prefers a squeaky barrow, for the noise gives him a sense of accomplishment he cannot otherwise enjoy."

Along the streets of downtown New York, I have often seen gypsy salesmen selling various kinds of cheap toys, among which were sticks to which were attached imitation birds suspended on strings. When one of these sticks was swung the bird would gyrate in an arc as if in flight, and its paper tail would spin round, the while the bird would emit a whistling sound. On one of my first excursions around Peking I saw not a few men carrying sticks, on which were perched real birds, securely attached by a rather long string. Ah! I thought, these fellows have the real thing—no toys for them. But then, after days of seeing men carrying birds on sticks, I inquired about it. I was informed that according to obsolete Chinese social conventions, it was considered undignified for anyone to walk alone. To get over this difficulty, when no companion was available, a bird was taken along for company and thus—by virtue of a technicality—social stigma was avoided. Today, those who still carry birds on strings are either hobbyists or die-hards of the

old order who consider the abolition of these old conventions by the New Life Movement of modern China a bit too advanced for them.

These are but a few of the things we have seen here in Peking. They may sound strange to you, and at first they were very strange to us. But by now we have become so accustomed to them that we do not even advert to them when we see them daily. But China still remains to the foreigner the land of oddities. More of them will be related in another article.

While we are here in Peking our hearts and our thoughts are in distant Hunan. I suppose you, in the United States, are receiving news of the war there more accurately and more speedily than we are. We are enjoying peace, but they are still living in danger from air raids. It is inspiring for us to learn of the heroic work the Fathers and Sisters, far in the interior of China, are doing in caring for the wounded, the sick and the refugees.

I am sure that all of you are praying, as we are, that peace may come this year to China and to the whole world. Already we begin to sense the fact that a vast harvest of souls can be gathered in this land, if man does not throw too many obstacles in the way of preaching the word of God.



Fr. Kieran on his way to school



Pat O'Brien plays the part of Father Duffy in the Warner Bros. production, "The Fighting 69th"



James Cagney as Jerry Plunkett and Jeffrey Lynn as the poet Joyce Kilmer



Members of the regiment aid their wounded comrades in this realistic scene from "The Fighting 69th"

# STAGE AND SCREEN

By JERRY COTTER

**V**IEWING with alarm, heretofore a national political sport, has become the favorite pastime of New York theatrical circles.

While the road companies of last season's Broadway successes are providing more than merely satisfactory returns, the situation on the home front is causing considerable worry. Surprisingly few plays are scheduled for February and March openings, and those now running are doing so with timetables conveniently handy. Helen Hayes, Tallulah Bankhead, and Katherine Hepburn will join the see-America contingent before long, leaving metropolitan visitors and residents the alternative of spending the remainder of the season at *Gone With the Wind*, or waiting for John Barrymore and his tailor-made vehicle, *My Dear Children*, to arrive.

According to the reports from Chicago, the "First Gentleman" of the theatre has been having quite a splendid time for himself, greeting late arrivals in typical Barrymore style, keeping his fellow players on the alert, and generally proving that the play isn't always the thing. It is evident that Barrymore is not preparing himself for a Shakespearean comeback; more likely he has dreams of stepping into the spot left vacant by that mysteriously missing fourth Marx brother.

With the possibility of a heart-to-heart talk across the footlights with a star who is also a Barrymore, players should soon be aroused from their lethargy.

\* \* \* \*

The state of the theatre, like the nation, is never as bad as it seems, even if it often seems quite hopeless.

\* \* \* \*

Playwrights have taken quite a fancy to the recent Spanish War as a topic for dramatization. Ernest Hemingway is presenting as his contribution to the theatre's collection of "what-really-happened-over-there," *The Fifth Column*, in which Franchot Tone, Frances Farmer, and Lenore Ulric are starred. Peace has come to Spain, but Broadway will reverberate with the echo of shot and shell for a long time to come.

\* \* \* \*

A lively debate was started recently when a New York newspaper columnist (not a drama critic) stated that censorship of the stage was inevitable, considering the incredibly low level to which the standards of amusement have sunk in the past few seasons.

The particular play to which he had reference was



the musical, *DuBarry Was a Lady*, reviewed in these columns last month. Needless to say, a group of critics immediately took up the cudgels and proceeded to deride and belittle the writer with the moral sense.

Those who believe in the theatre as an art, or enjoy it as a medium of entertainment, do not want to see a censorship imposed. Far too many of the theatre's worthwhile contributions would suffer by the restrictions which a political censorship would entail.

However, the continued presentation of plays and revues reaching the low standards of many recent offerings will do far more to bring about such interference than any amount of pressure by so-called reform groups.

\* \* \* \*

J. B. Priestley, overlooking an exceptional opportunity to develop a bright, modern satire, contributed instead a mildly amusing comedy called *WHEN WE ARE MARRIED*. Rarely have the latent possibilities of a situation been passed up so obviously. Whether Mr. Priestley shied at the idea of satirizing his British contemporaries or whether he failed to realize the potentialities of the story he created, we cannot say.

Three English couples, celebrating a joint silver wedding anniversary, discover to their horror that the minister who performed the triple ceremony had not been duly qualified. Their attempts to keep the scandalous affair secret, to correct the real and fancied faults of their respective spouses, and to get their lives back into the accustomed grooves, might have been developed into a hilarious session. Neither the setting of a prosperous middle-class drawing room of the 1900 era nor the indispensable minor characters have been capitalized upon to a satisfactory extent.

In an attempt to side-step the obvious impulse to create a broad farce, Mr. Priestley has also failed to write a bright, human-interest comedy. The result, neither fish nor flesh, remains drolly British in speech and action, with a vein of humor never quite compatible with American risibility.

The principal virtues of the evening were the performances of Alison Skipworth, Ann Andrews, Sally O'Neil, and J. C. Nugent, and the sapolio quality of the lines and scenes.

\* \* \* \*

Paul Vincent Carroll provided the season with its most unexpected failure in his third play, *KINDRED*. It was a special plea to the "artists" of the world to band together to save the world.



Above: A scene from Shirley Temple's most recent picture, "The Blue Bird"  
Below: Two more scenes from "The Blue Bird"

While Mr. Carroll has been, and remains, a writer of exceptionally beautiful prose, neither his thesis nor his characters were of sufficient depth or clarity to carry *Kindred* through to success.

Claiming for the artistic gentry a special place of honor as being superior to the materialists in the task of guiding a world and solving its troubles, brings to light the need for broader vision on the part of Playwright Carroll. There is a far greater amount of spiritual and artistic merit being contributed to the affairs of the world than he can see. Thousands who could not technically be included in Carroll's "kindred of the spirit" because they have neither the ability nor the desire to write, paint, or play, have done more to bring the world from shadow into light, than he evidently realizes. *Kindred* only proves again that Carroll, a master of the pen, still has many fields to conquer. The play had a cast which rose, on occasion, to heights of brilliance. Aline MacMahon, Barry Fitzgerald, Arthur Shields, and Aideen O'Connor were outstanding.

\* \* \* \*

Paul Robeson, the great Negro baritone, found a made-to-order vehicle for his talent in a musical play built around a legend of the Deep South, *JOHN HENRY*. As a framework for Robeson's songs it is excellent and unobtrusive; as entertainment it falls somewhat short of colossal. There is an excellent score by Jacques Wolfe with one number, "Sundown in My



Soul," which is highlighted in true Robeson grandeur.

The mournful strain to be found in much of the tradition of the Southern Negro is present in the song and story of the legendary John Henry and his co-workers. The story of the six-footer who could lay rails and roll cotton better than anybody else around, but who meets tragedy, is told with dramatic effectiveness.

Robeson is aided by a large and capable cast of actors and singers, lending just the proper background for the magnificent voice of the star.

*John Henry* is an entertaining and unusual musical play combining the best features of the dramatic and concert stages.

\* \* \* \*

Cecil B. DeMille is preparing a religious spectacle based on the life of the Virgin Mary. It is to be known as *The Queen of Queens*, and according to the advance reports the picture will be given a lavish and reverent production.

What the advance reports do not mention is that the new film is an outgrowth of last season's stage play, *Family Portrait*. After a short Broadway run the screen rights were purchased for \$25,000. Attempts were made to keep the sale quiet in fear of an organized Catholic boycott against a story entirely incompatible with Catholic doctrine. We have been informed that the entire play has been scrapped and a new story written to serve as the basis for DeMille's production. If this is so, it is merely another glaring example of Hollywood incompetence and extravagance. Twenty-five thousand dollars paid for the screen rights to a play vetoed by non-Catholics as entertainment, and protested by Catholics as a perversion of fact, is certainly not to be considered as either careful or intelligent expenditure.

The basic beliefs of a sect of even three or four thousand members demand and should receive the respect of the movie makers. Catholics, who form such a large bloc of the movie-going public should not be faced with even the possibility of having one of their most sacred beliefs distorted on the screen.

\* \* \*

**GONE WITH THE WIND**—MGM—After the most persistent, and at times most annoying, publicity campaign in Hollywood history, David Selznick is proudly presenting *GONE WITH THE WIND*. To say that it is the most pretentious and most aspiring film made to date, is almost to understate the case. It is all of that and more. Technicolor reaches a new high in beauty; the screen has never adapted a best-seller more faithfully; its panoramic sweep is brilliant and often awe-inspiring. Technically, screen history has been made with *Gone With the Wind*.

Counterbalancing the favorable features are its almost interminable length, the fact that it is strictly for adult audiences (this will probably precipitate many stormy parlor scenes from coast to coast). The moral deficiencies of the book have not been suppressed by the screen adaptors. An unfortunate thing, for there are many scenes and incidents in the unreeling which would appeal to younger audiences.

Vivien Leigh is surprisingly good in the difficult role of Scarlett; Clark Gable, as Rhett, surpasses all of his previous work, and Olivia de Havilland, Thomas Mitchell, and Hattie McDaniel are outstanding in the large cast.



Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray in their latest picture

**REMEMBER THE NIGHT**—Paramount—A situation comedy of average proportions made sparkling by the work of Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray and embellished with clever dialogue. A young District Attorney prosecuting a girl shoplifter has her admitted to bail and takes her home to the country to spend Christmas with his folks. The inevitable happens, with the girl softening under the kindly influences, and marching off to jail to pay her debt to society. We are given to understand that the D. A. will be waiting when she is released. Not new in formula, it has the advantage of superior treatment and development, making it excellent light entertainment.

**BLUE BIRD**—20th Century-Fox—For the first time in years, Shirley Temple is blessed with a story instead of a vehicle. Maurice Maeterlinck's famous play has been photographed in brilliant technicolor and given a sympathetic screen treatment to provide the growing young star with her most important picture in some time. Every youngster should see it, and taking the oldsters along might not be such a bad idea either.

**THE FIGHTING 69TH**—Warner Bros.—Based on the war activities of New York's famous Irish regiment and the heroic work of its Chaplain, Father Duffy. The film abounds in action with some of the most spectacular battle scenes yet filmed. The regeneration of a smart-aleck recruit, portrayed by James Cagney, and the frontline heroism of the regiment's Chaplain provide the story frame. Pat O'Brien is excellently cast as Father Duffy; George Brent as Wild Bill Donovan, and Jeffrey Lynn as Joyce Kilmer, are admirable. A worthwhile film in all departments, it will appeal especially to those who have sentimental connections or associations with the famous 69th.

**SHOP AROUND THE CORNER**—MGM—The combination of Ernest Lubitsch, director of *Ninotchka*, and stars James Stewart and Margaret Sullavan, could not help but result in entertainment of high caliber. The love story of two employees in a Budapest shop is given the added assistance of some of those famous Lubitsch touches. The result is a vivaciously appealing and human comedy, rating high among the new year's offerings. Stewart is rapidly becoming the screen's outstanding male star through consistently good work rather than because of any glamor-boy twinkle in his eye. It is a hopeful sign.

# LITTLE HIDDENHAM PLAYS UP.

By Enid Dinnis

THE Honorable Robert Fitz-Ruthven knocked up against Tess of Somewhere in London at one of the railway termini in the memorable September when the English Government issued an invitation to the children of the crowded districts to spend an extended holiday in the country.

Tess was standing in the center of her belongings, which included a bag of provender and a gas mask, when Robert literally—for such is the way of a gas mask—knocked up against her.

"Hello!" Robert said. "Where are you off to?"

"I don't know," Tess replied, looking wise, not to say mysterious.

"But," she added, looking still wiser and still more mysterious, "the King knows."

"That'll be all right, then," Robert Fitz-Ruthven said. "Got any brothers and sisters with you?"

"No," Tess told him, "I'm going with Teacher. Mum's speaking to her over there. I haven't got any brothers and sisters." She took a look at the friendly gentleman who talked like a boy, and liked him. She continued: "If I go to a big house I won't be able to drink out of my saucer, Mum says. She was a maid in a big house before she married."

"But don't they have saucers to their cups in big houses?"





the other inquired. Then he added—it was a shame to lease this all but tearful little girl—"I expect it will be fun. Ever been in the country?"

"No, only to the seaside," Tess said. "I saw the fields from the train. I shall be able to play in them now, Teacher says."

"Bravo!" Robert Fitz-Ruthven said. He had become interested in this little slum kiddie. Then Tess's father and mother arrived on the scene, and a gang of excited children absorbed Tess and her appurtenances.

"I'm glad the King knows where you are going, anyhow," her friend of the passing moment told her. "So long!"

Robert Fitz-Ruthven watched them go off. He speculated as to the destination of this nice little kiddie who had been warned to mind her table manners. Her parents were typical working-class folk. "I only hopes as she gets to Mass all right," Robert heard the mother remark as they walked back from the receding train. His own destination was Little Hiddenham, the village in the West Country where he spent occasional week ends at his brother's country seat. The children's train was bound for that part of the world, but it was a special, reserved for the King's guests.

Little Hiddenham had received an intimation quite early in the summer that possibly hospitality might be required of it for evacuated city children in the case of war. Little Hiddenham faced up to its duty. Lady Fitz-Ruthven was a prime mover in the matter. She was assisted by the Rector's wife and family. The Misses Barkham of the Hermitage, a pleasant residence that liked to call itself a cottage because no one was likely to take it seriously, found it incumbent on them to follow suit.

The Court itself was taking evacuated children; the Rectory had put itself down for five! Miss Augusta Barkham, the younger and more strong-minded of the two, put it firmly to her sister. The Hermitage possessed a spare bedroom—everyone knew that because Tom, their nephew, sometimes stayed with them—it was plainly up to them to offer to take one child. "After all," Miss Augusta said, "the chances of war are remote. Dear Mr. Chamberlain would never let such a thing come

about." It was just a patriotic gesture, so to speak.

Miss Amelia was compelled to agree. War was certainly unthinkable, and children were dear little things when they were properly brought up, so the Hermitage was duly registered for one child from one of the London districts. That was in the piping days of peace. Now war had come upon Little Hiddenham, like everywhere else, and the war-time guest had materialized—a child from a London slum!

Little Hiddenham received its contingent rather later than other places. Terrifying stories came along of the children who had become inmates of the homes offered to them. The Misses Barkham were filled with consternation. There was the story of a boy who had opened the gate and let the farmer's bull loose. And another who had gone to bed in his boots. "If I were you, Aunt Amelia," her nephew Tom said, "I'd advertise for a flat in the center of London in a safety zone from evacuated children," and the ladies at the Hermitage felt that there was much to be said for the suggestion. It was rather like waiting for bombs!

"There are worse things than bombs," Miss Augusta remarked with sinister intonation. She had heard of the child who had been sewn into its underclothing and never seen a bath.

SUCH was the milieu into which the behest of His Majesty King George introduced Tess of the Binkleys. She was deposited with business-like precision in the rose-encircled porch of the Hermitage by Celia, the Rector's eldest girl. She stood there with her gas mask and her bundle, a poorly clad but apparently clean little girl with a definitely attractive little face.

"I've brought you your visitor," Celia said. "Her name is Teresa Binkley, and her father and mother live at this address." She handed a card to Miss Amelia. "Will you please see that she sends them the postcard that she's got with her?"

Celia, shock-headed and hatless, was off without another word. Tess cast a wistful glance after her, and a bewildered one at the two ladies. It was all very bewildering. But the ladies had kind faces, and the young lady in a cap behind them had a kind face, too.

"She looks a dear little thing," Miss Amelia whispered to her sister. "I think we might have her in the dining-room for a minute. Then Jane can take her to the kitchen."

So Tess found herself in a room carpeted and furnished in a fashion entirely new to her. She had been in the parlor at the Convent, but this was much cosier than the convent parlor, or the room at the Rectory where one waited when one went with a message.

The child had quite nice manners. She was just shy enough not to be forward, yet not too frightened at the novelty of it all. The ladies of the Hermitage began to draw deep sighs of relief. Tess did not look as though she would demand food out of a tin and reject milk that came out of a cow. Indeed, she showed an awe-struck appreciation of her surroundings that was highly gratifying to her hostesses.

"I really don't see why she should not take her meals with us," Miss Augusta said to her sister, "when she feels more at home. The Rector is having the children to table with his family. He says it's civilizing. The dear Rector is so very broadminded."

"Though I must say," she added, "I can't see anything civilized about Celia. They say she has been seen in trousers! It must be a great sorrow to her poor mother."

"Well," her sister agreed, "I must say it doesn't seem so bad."

But when Jane reappeared, some minutes later, there was a decidedly scared look on her face. The two ladies eyed her apprehensively.

"When I took her coat off," Jane said, "I noticed something she'd got on her."

The listeners gave a simultaneous gasp as Jane paused. The expression on Jane's countenance was the opposite to reassuring.

Miss Augusta faced the situation. It was war time and one had to face facts. Terrific facts.

"Was it a flea, Jane?" she asked, "or—worse?"

(Oh, those dreadful stories that she had heard.)

"It wasn't neither," Jane said; and then she dropped her bomb.

"It was a medal with the Virgin Mary on it. She must be a little Romanist."

There was a deep silence. The ladies of the Hermitage shot a glance at each other. A little Romanist! It

was a species which they had never come across outside literature. There were no Romanists in Little Hiddenham; and if there had been there would have been no social contacts with the Misses Barkham—even chapel people remained outside their circle.

"Oh, dear! How *very* awkward!" Miss Amelia gasped. "What ought we to do, do you think, Augusta?"

"We've got to keep her," was the Spartan lady's rejoinder. "War time is war time." Augusta, on the whole, preferred Popish medals to (to put it plainly) vermin.

"Well," Miss Amelia said, imitating her sister's courage, "we can take her to church with us on Sunday, and perhaps she may learn better, poor little thing."

"She looked such a nice, clean little girl," she went on, with a sigh. "I suppose it *was* the Virgin Mary on the medal?"

Jane crushed the forlorn hope. She had seen a similar one on what they called a rosary.

"I suppose we will have to let her have her meals with us," Miss Amelia said, when Jane had vanished. "She may get talking to Jane, and we are responsible for the girl since she was confirmed. Those Romanists, you know, are very danger-

ous with their medals and beads."

Augusta suddenly waxed epigrammatic.

"Medals and beads don't *breed*, anyway," she opined. "The child is *clean*."

So Tess had a place laid for her at the table in the dining room. It must be admitted that her behavior was irreproachable. She made friends very gently with Timothy, the black cat, caressed him softly and even wished to share her dinner with him. She was alert to acquire the correct table manners, spreading her table-napkin over her lap, as the ladies did, and even going one better than them by wiping her mouth after each mouthful of food.

About half way through lunch Tess came out with a direct question.

"Where am I going to Mass on Sunday?" she inquired. "Mum told me to ask."

It was well that the truth had already been broken to her hostesses.

"Do you always go to—er—church on Sunday?" Miss Amelia asked in a faint voice.

"Why, yes," Tess replied. "I've never missed since I was a baby. Mum told me to be sure to find out in good time where I could get to Mass on Sunday."

"Well," Miss Augusta said, "this is only Monday."

"We could take you to church on Sunday," Miss Amelia murmured. She was glad that there would be

time to give the child a little instruction first.

"If I couldn't go to Mass," Tess continued, "I'd have to go home again."

"But if you went home you would have a bomb dropped on you," Augusta told her, rather brutally.

Tess considered the objection. "I'd have to," she said, philosophically. Then she added, cheerfully: "Mum's guardian angel won't let bombs drop on her 'cos she's looking after Daddy."

Her audience approved the sentiment. Guardian angels were quite sound. They were mentioned in the Bible.

"But you would be sorry to leave this beautiful place, with the birds and flowers," Miss Amelia suggested, gently.

Tess looked out of the window. She looked at the well-spread table.

"I'd have to," she repeated. "I'd have to ask the King to let me go home. Father Murphy said that some of the children who went to the country couldn't go to Mass because there weren't any Catholics in the place."

"We have a beautiful church here," Miss Augusta said. "I will show it to you. It is very ancient, and there is a crusader buried there in what is called the Fitz-Ruthven chantry. There are no Roman Catholics in Little Hiddenham."

That same afternoon she took



She was deposited with business-like precision in the rose-encircled porch of the Hermitage by Celia, the Rector's eldest girl

Tess into the village and showed her the church. It was a little gray building sunk into the green sod, like the mouldering grave-stones that surrounded it. Generations of villagers were sleeping their long sleep there, Miss Augusta told her. She was by way of being poetical, and would have quoted Gray's *Elegy* except that the "rude forefathers" might be misunderstood. You have to be so careful with children.

Tess, as it happened, was poetic, too. She glanced round the dark little edifice that smelt ever so old, and made a curious comment.

"Is it sleeping, too?" she asked. And as she received no answer she continued. "Will it wake up one day like the people in the graves?"

Miss Augusta took her over to the recumbent crusader. Robert Fitz-Ruthven was his name. He lay, with his legs crossed, on his alabaster tomb.

"Is he a saint?" Tess inquired. "Our saints stand up in our church."

"It's an effigy," her guide explained. "The crusader's body is buried here."

"And will he wake up, too?" Tess regarded the figure with interest.

"I'm sorry he's not a saint," she said. "If he had been a saint I'd have asked him pray that I might go to Mass on Sunday because I'd like to stay on here."

Tess took very kindly to country life. The cows interested her. They had such kind faces, and they were trying to talk to her, not to eat her up, when they moved their mouths. Poor Miss Amelia's plan of introducing the little evacuee to a more enlightened form of worship received an unexpected setback. Celia blew in next day to see how the kiddie was getting on and turned down the suggestion promptly.

"Dad wouldn't hear of it," she said. "He says it isn't playing the game to take the kids to churches their people don't approve of. If she can't get to Mass she'll just have to stop at home. There's no Catholic church within five miles."

Miss Amelia was a little taken aback. It was strange of the dear Rector to talk of "playing the game" in connection with religion; but then, the dear Rector *was* a little strange. The way that he let his girls run wild!

In a couple of days the Misses Barkham got quite accustomed to

## TO JUDAS

By SISTER MARY EULALIA, R. S. M.

*Some say you would have stayed had one but said:*

*"Tarry awhile with us—no need for haste,  
You have partaken of the wine and bread—  
To linger with your Host is in good taste."*

*But you were harried with desire and fears  
Lest traffic in the dark be brought to light.*

*To you the day was as a thousand years,  
And restless fever seized you in the night.*

*So you went forth to wait beneath the trees  
That gave you shelter when the sun was high.*

*They shivered now as if an icy breeze*

*Had chilled their roots as you were drawing nigh.*

*Your clammy hand closed not on silver now*

*As sweat of black despair oozed from your brow.*

the large Sign of the Cross that Tess made before and after meals. She was really a very good little girl. She was able to be useful and take Miss Augusta's shoes to be mended by the village cobbler all by herself.

It was on that same expedition that Tess for a second time ran into Robert Fitz-Ruthven.

"Hello," the latter said. "So the King sent you to Little Hiddenham. He never let on to me."

"Do you know the King?" Tess inquired, interestedly. "Well, I've met him," Robert replied, "but I was joking. How do you like Little Hiddenham?"

"I like it very much," Tess said. "We had plum tart for dinner today and I wipe my mouth with a cloth all to myself. But," she added, sadly, "I've got to go home because I can't go to Mass on Sunday. I've written to the King to ask him to let me go home."

"Oh, I say," the other cried. "What a pity!"

Tess put her hand in her pocket and drew out a crumpled envelope, very nearly dropping Miss Augusta's shoes in the effort. She showed it to Robert. It was tersely addressed to: "The King, Winsor carse." There was no stamp on it.

"I hadn't got a stamp," Tess ex-

plained. "Mum gave me my stamps already licked onto envelopes addressed to her."

"Look here," Robert Fitz-Ruthven said, "you give me the letter and I'll see about it for you. I suppose you've told the King the circumstances—that you can't get to Mass, isn't it?"

Tess nodded. "It took me a long time to write," she said, "because there was no one to help me."

She glanced up, shyly. "What is your name, please?" she asked. Robert told her. "Why," Tess cried, "that's the name of the man with his legs crossed. If he had been a saint I could have asked him to let me go to Mass on Sunday." Then she added: "But I did ask him, all the same."

"That's my ancestor," Robert said. "Poor old bean, we did him out of a lot of prayers—hope he's in heaven notwithstanding."

Tess handed him the letter. "I'll see to it all right," her friend told her. "So long."

Tess made her way to the cobbler's. It had been a thrill—this latest adventure! She handed Miss Augusta's shoes over, together with the message.

"So you're one of the vackies," Mr. Figgis said. "Come for the duration, I suppose?"



"I don't know," was Tess's reply. "If I can't go to Mass I shall have to go home again. I'll ask Mum to fetch me, if the King lets me."

The other took a long look at her. "Don't you like the country?" he asked. He was engaged in mending a shoe.

"Yes, I love it," Tess said. "My Daddy used to be a gardener in the country before I was born and he loves it too. I'd love to stay on but I can't go to Mass; it's five miles off. There aren't any Catholics in Little Hiddenham."

Mr. Figgis picked out a thread and waxed it. "I used to go to Mass when I was your size," he commented. "I haven't been since I came out here—a matter of forty-five year."

"Oh, how awful!" Tess gasped. "Doesn't your wife go to Mass either?"

"She's been dead twenty year," Mr. Figgis said. "She never went to Mass in her life," he added, crisply.

"How awful!" Tess repeated. "It's terrible to live so far away from a church. I've written to the King to ask him if I may go home. The King sent me here, you know."

"Posted it?" Mr. Figgis asked. He was not electrified. These brats from London were adept at fairy tales. He didn't blame them for wanting to go home. They missed their fried fish and chips. "Let me know if the King answers," he said, and Tess promised him that she would.

The days of the week passed quickly. Tess was enjoying everything, even Miss Amelia's stories which she told her after supper. Some were burdened with a moral, but there were also Cinderella, and other fairy tales which Tess had heard many times, and Miss Amelia had a very nice voice that made listening a pleasure, even to stories that she had heard before.

It was on Friday at midday dinner that the King's reply came. Tess was eating her codfish. "We must give her fish," Miss Augusta had announced. "Roman Catholics are bound to eat fish on Fridays—it's no good Jane suggesting egg pie; and we must enter into the spirit of the dear Rector, though he does put it in rather a slangy way." A smart chauffeur appeared at the gate and delivered a note addressed to Miss Teresa Binkley. It bore the Fitz-Ruthven crest and the Misses Barkham were in a state of hectic antici-

pation. Miss Amelia read it out to Tess.

"Her letter to His Majesty had received consideration, but it was thought unnecessary for her to return to London as a car would be sent on Sunday morning to take her to the Catholic church at Dashley." The letter was signed "Robert Fitz-Ruthven, on behalf of His Majesty King George."

Tess in a wild state of rapture, recounted her meeting with the kind gentleman who had taken her letter to the King.

"That was just like Mr. Robert," Miss Amelia said, "he is always having a bit of fun with the children. But how kind of him! So the car will be calling here on Sunday. I must see that Jane has on her best cap."

SUNDAY morning saw the arrival of a roomy car. To the delight of Tess, and the intense gratification of her hostesses, it was driven by Mr. Fitz-Ruthven himself—as charming and agreeable as he always was. "So you're the only Catholic in Little Hiddenham," the latter commented as he held the door open for Tess to climb in.

"Oh, no, I'm *not*!" Tess cried. "There's poor Mr. Figgis! He hasn't been able to go to Mass for forty-five years. Please, *please*, go and fetch Mr. Figgis to come along with us."

"But will he want to?" Robert murmured.

"Of course he will!" Tess cried. "Oh, won't it be lovely?"

"I hope so," the Honorable Robert said. "We'll collect Mr. Figgis."

Mr. Figgis was finishing his breakfast when the crested car stopped at his gate. The shoemaker could form no idea of what might have happened. People who ride in cars do not have emergency uses for cobbles.

The Honorable Robert Fitz-Ruthven explained his business tersely. The bewildered Mr. Figgis gathered that he was expected to do his duty by allowing one of the evacuated children to conduct him to Mass, of which the latter understood that he had been deprived for forty-five years.

"You can't disappoint the kid-die," Robert told him, for Mr. Figgis was out to protest. "It can't do you any harm if you were brought up in it. Come along; be a sport."

"I was brought up in it, right enough," Mr. Figgis admitted.

"I just slipped out of it, as it were. Well, I don't mind if I do come along. One's got to play up, I suppose. Everyone's doing it."

"It was just like a fairy tale," Tess cried, a little more than an hour later when she was being conveyed home, Mr. Figgis having been dropped at his own door. "It was lovely of the King to tell you to bring the car and take me and Mr. Figgis to church."

"A new sort of Cinderella," Robert suggested, "with a fairy god-mother who turned a pumpkin into a car and took her to church instead of to a ball. You tell the Misses Barkham that. They'll be delighted."

So Tess told the whole story to the Misses Barkham. It was really quite a pretty story—and the terrible old Mr. Figgis being got to go *anywhere* was really rather wonderful. All the same Miss Augusta felt it incumbent on her, in the interests of truth, to point out to Tess that the King had not actually known where she was going. His gracious Majesty had arranged the whole thing, no doubt, but he could hardly have known where one little girl was going.

Tess listened with clouded eyes. Disappointment was written on her countenance.

Then Miss Amelia slipped in her comment. She glanced at her sister for she was being greatly daring.

"Perhaps," she said, "it was the King's King who knew where you were coming? And perhaps He sent you here so that poor Mr. Figgis might be got to go to, to—a place of worship."

"Oh, that would be a lovely story," Tess cried. "Will you tell it to me as well as Cinderella?"

Tess's extended holiday extended for many weeks. But the ride to Mass became unnecessary later on, for a contingent of Catholic children came to Little Hiddenham, and a priest came over to say Mass for them, and for Tess's father and mother (the former having got a job on the Court estate) and Mr. Figgis. The Rector lent them his parish hall, and his daughter Celia (in trousers) helped to prepare the place for the Rector's guests. And the little gray church snuggling in the sod nearby smiled in its sleep, as though half-awakened by a pleasant dream.

# In the Likeness of Men

By DAMIAN REID, C.P.

NOT only the essential theology of the life of Christ but also its essential drama, lies in the fact that He was God Who became man; and that in order to duplicate with exactness the typical career of man on earth, He unburdened Himself of certain visible concomitants of Divinity. Speaking of Him, St. Paul says that He, "being in the form of God . . . emptied Himself . . . being made in the likeness of men."

His disrobing on Calvary symbolically suggests the same idea—God so completely humanized, so completely representative of His race, that in the great act of redemptive representation He would not be provincialized or dated by the costume of a country or the fashions of a year. When He would stretch Himself on His cross, He would be ambassador for the men of all time. And the men of all time have their racial solidarity, not by virtue of the clothes they wear, but by virtue of the human constitution of their soul and body. Christ died virtually unclothed, without any essential benefit of couturier or chronologist.

This fact of Our Lord's complete racial integrity deserves periodic attention. The most important personality in Christian history and Christian philosophy is Christ. The fact of Christ is the key idea of the Christian system. If there were no Christ, there would be no Christianity. I do not mean merely that Christianity would not have that name to go by, but that Christianity the thing would not exist. Christ is the author, the power, and the spirit of Christianity.

Consequently, the efficiency of the Christian system both in private living and corporate effort depends greatly on the realization of Christ, upon making Him as real a person as He was. If the providence of God made Christ a real person and situated Him in real circumstances, it did so because it was the most effective thing to do. Our Redeemer did not cry out His messages

from the sky. He did not do His redeeming behind a curtain. He did not manufacture His miracles in a workshop and then present them to the public through the offices of a distribution department. Christ was there on the spot, just as water and hills and highways and weather were there.

In this intimate contact with men, this contact which could be measured with the eye and ear and touch, Our Lord got His business done. He was not a distant idea. He was a present reality. A tailor could have cut Him a suit of clothes. He could have driven an automobile as well as He actually did ride a horse if the history of automobiles could have caught up with Him. When we read that He was a carpenter, we are not to understand some transcendent craftsmanship that would locate Him socially above the scions of the earth. His carpentering consisted of joining timbers and of handling such prosaic trade implements as the hammer and saw and chisel. Again, if history could have caught up with Him, Christ might have been building garages and radio cabinets.

The things that are said of Him are real things, and mean what they would mean if they were stated of you or me. He taught the multitudes, and in teaching them His words were produced by the same throat anatomy that operates when you or I vocalize. There was nothing highly special about the literal meaning of the narrative and description which have been written of Jesus. We cannot visualize His divinity; but there is no trick to the understanding of His human record.

For instance, what do we know about Christ's appearance? What did He look like? The answer to that is not that we do not know. We do know a great deal about it. The things that we know about it are more numerous than the things that

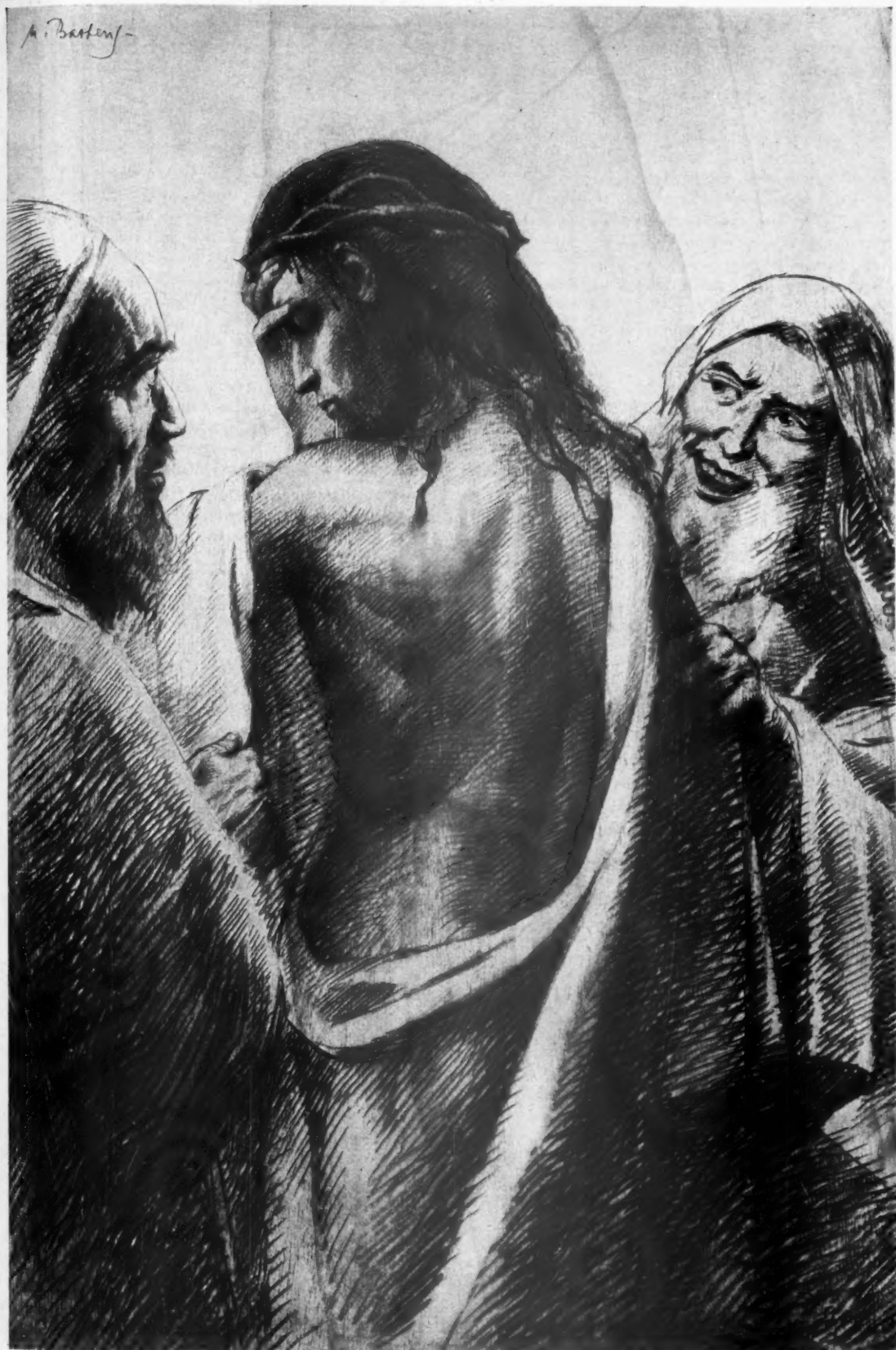
we do not know about it. True, we have no photographs of Christ. More than that, we have not been given a description of His person by any qualified witness. We cannot say whether He was of light or dark complexion. We cannot say whether He was stouter or thinner than we might be inclined to imagine Him. He may have been a very tall man or He may have been a man of average height. He may have had a deep voice or a voice of average pitch.

These are the things which we do not know about Our Redeemer. Now what would be a sample of the things that we do know about His appearance? We may not know the color of His hair; but we do know that He had hair that was tousled by whatever winds blew in Judea and Galilee. We may not know whether His eyes were large and set wide apart; but we do know that He had eyes and that they had to be shaded on occasion against the light of an Asiatic sun. We do not know whether He was short or tall; but we know that He stood upright and walked like any other man. We do not know under what type He would be classified by theatrical standards; but we know that in any crowd He would be identified as a man.

We know also that rain fell on Him and that the weather affected the texture and tint of His skin. We know that walking and talking and all physical effort made Him tired; and we know that when He was tired He slept and recuperated His human energy. We know that brambles could scratch Him as well as that nails could transfix Him. And we know that when He bled, His blood could be analyzed and its corpuscles counted in a laboratory. And we know that with Him as with us the yielding of His blood would be accompanied by pain—pain of the truest kind. Christ looked like a man.

Another thing—Christ acted like a man. And this is perhaps a more remarkable fact to visual-

*Since Christ Became Man He Understands Us Not Only By Reason of His Divine Knowledge But By Reason of His Human Experience*



*Drawing on wood made especially for THE SIGN by Mario Barberis, Rome, Italy*

*After arriving at Calvary, Jesus was stripped of His garments in preparation for crucifixion*



ize than that other fact that He looked like a man. We are accustomed to think of Our Lord, not as His contemporaries saw Him, but according to our casual idea of what He should have looked like and how He should have acted. We imagine a transfigured Christ. And the reason why we fancy Him in this form is because He was so tremendously more important than any other man who lived. But His apostles did not always see a transfigured Christ. Only three, one quarter of the apostolic band, Peter, James, and John, were on the mount of the transfiguration.

Even after His resurrection, Our Lord was taken for a gardener by Magdalen, and for a fellow-traveler by the two disciples whom He met on the road to Emmaus. We do not hear of people staring at Him in the street and then pursuing Him because His look and manner immediately revealed Him as a visitor from heaven. And even when they commented on His preaching—"never did man speak like this man"—they were talking about a man in the first place; and in the second place they were not talking about the man's voice or his vocabulary. The people were talking about the message itself, for they said: "He speaks as one having authority."

In fact that whole organism which we call the human nature of Christ was simply an instrument—an instrument through which divinity was destined to deal with men. God became man that He might live with men in human circumstances, that He might talk to them in a human language, and that He might die for them a human death. Consequently it was all of a piece with His destiny that as an infant He was helpless and He cried. As a child He learned to talk under His mother's tutelage, and to walk by the aid of her hand and her encouragement. When He was hungry, He ate. When He was thirsty, He drank. He worked until the perspiration dripped from His forehead. Miracle was kept in the background, and when it appeared it cried out with the weight of most devastating drama, that this person who acted so much like a man was God.

Carrying this thought a little further we discover still other things which can be known about Our Saviour. Just as we are given very definite clues about how He looked and how He acted, we are given clues

also as to how He reacted, how He felt. If Christ was as completely human as the rest of His human brethren, then He experienced the wholesome human emotions which fitted the situations in which He was involved. Of course, those emotions never led Him the merry chase that the rest of us often experience. He would never, for instance, lose His head and say the wrong thing. He would never become angry because someone innocently collided with Him in the street. He evidently did not make it a habit to accuse His disciples of being slow to understand, though often He must have found them to be precisely that. This is not saying that He lacked feeling, but only that His feelings never ran away with Him.

HE COULD feel reasonably elated, and He could feel reasonably downcast. He certainly felt comforted at Peter's profession of faith—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the Living God." And He certainly felt dejected at Peter's denial of any connection with Him—"I know not the man." He was sad at the tomb of Lazarus; for He wept. He was sad as He looked down on the city of Jerusalem; for it is on the record that He wept then also. But He was not sad as He sat down and entertained a group of little children; for that is not a sound method of entertaining children.

We cannot imagine Jesus radiating gloom as He visited the little house in Bethany where Martha and Mary served Him refreshments. Who can say what limits there were to the displays of lovely human feeling at Nazareth? How often and how ardently must He not have embraced His mother Mary? And how many a time must His little heart have been lifted up by the fondling of His mother? There is no known revelation which forbids us to believe that the sound of childish laughter could often be heard echoing through the workshop of St. Joseph, and that the laughter was the laughter of Christ. And at the other end of the emotional scale, we find a desolation that is beyond minds to conceive in that cry from the cross—"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" Who will ever interpret the sparkle in His eye as He listened to exciting tales about Himself told Him by Magdalen and two disciples when they spoke to Him unaware?

The whole point of these remarks is derived from the fact that Christ had experimental knowledge of human life. He lived it as we live it. His daily routine was essentially the same. He was acquainted with the joys and sorrows of normal living—or what we lightly refer to as the ups and downs of life. He met the same situations—people who liked Him very much and people who disliked Him very much; nature in her better moods with blue sky and brilliant sunsets, and nature in her nastier moods with dark and storm; the antics of children at play which amused Him, and the antics of malicious and thieving adults which angered Him; days of employment and days of unemployment; days of hunger and days of abundance; days when He was feted by the rich and a day when He had to go to His cross.

Consequently, we can always trust Christ to understand us. And to understand us not only out of the abundance of His divine knowledge, but out of the completeness of His human experience. To understand, not simply because He knows, but because He has had similar adventures.

We do not have to wonder what is happening when we direct an action to Christ. We can ordinarily find a pattern for the matter recorded in the Gospels. A pattern in which someone else has occupied the position which we are in and a reaction on the part of Christ similar to the reaction which we can expect from Him. When we pray we can think of Christ as understanding our need better than we do, as understanding our words, as seeing us, just as He did when Peter cried out, "Lord, save me; I perish." When we worship Him, the situation is the same as when the leper fell down and adored Him. When we fall and repent of our fall, the dramas of Peter and Magdalen are done over again.

We shall meet Christ in heaven, and our meeting can be accompanied with the human conventions with which we are familiar. We will see a real man. We can clasp a real human hand. We can speak to Him in English. Then, incidentally, we shall know the color of His hair and of His eyes and the quality of His voice. We shall notice His stature and the shape of His countenance, and possibly we shall remember people whom we knew on earth who all the while looked very much like Him.

# The SIGN-POST

• The SIGN-POST is a service of instruction in the Catholic Faith and related matters for our subscribers. Letters containing questions should be addressed to The Sign-Post, c/o THE SIGN, Union City, N. J. Please give full name and address as a sign of good faith. Neither initials nor place of residence will be printed except with the writer's consent. • Questions should be about the faith and history of the Catholic Church and related matters. • Questions should be kept separate from other business. • Questions are not answered by personal letter. • Matters of conscience and urgent moral cases should be brought to one's Pastor or Confessor. • Anonymous letters will not be considered.

## Heaven and Earth Will Pass

The text refers to the heavens (sun, stars, etc.) and *but my words shall not pass away*" (Luke 21: 33). *I always understood that heaven was forever, but this text says that it will pass away.*—WEYMOUTH, MASS.

The text refers to the heavens (sun, stars, etc.) and the earth; in other words, the whole material universe, which will one day pass away and give place to a new world. The visible world looks very permanent, but Our Lord's words are much more so, for the former shall pass away, but His words will endure forever. The heaven of the blessed is not included in the text. It is eternal.

## Cassock, Biretta, Maniple

(1) *What is the origin of the cassock and the biretta?*  
(2) *Why does the priest remove the maniple when preaching, and at weddings, funerals, and during the asperges?*—TORONTO.

(1) In the beginning of the Church there was no distinctive dress worn by the clergy outside divine services, but gradually a clerical garb was introduced. The Council of Braga in Portugal in 572 A. D., for instance, required the clergy to wear a *vestis talaris* or tunic which reached to the feet. The reason seemed to be that it was regarded as unbecoming to have the lower limbs uncovered during the liturgical functions. This was probably the origin of the cassock, which is still termed *vestis talaris* in the liturgy. Others see in the cassock a modification of the Roman toga.

The biretta is a development of the *birrus*, a cloak with a hood, which was a common dress at one time. After a time the hood became the head covering of the clergy. Since the sixteenth century it has been equipped with peaks which makes it easier to put on and off. The Roman biretta has three peaks—front, back and on the right side. The birettas of Doctors of Divinity and Canon Law have four, as a mark of distinction.

(2) The maniple was originally a handkerchief or

small napkin. It is used exclusively at Mass. Hence, during ceremonies which are not part of the Mass it is removed.

## Husband Became Atheist

*A Catholic woman married a Catholic man before a priest. The man later became an atheist. He forcibly prevents her from attending Mass and even refuses to let her have a prayer book or rosary beads. Can his wife obtain a divorce through the Church under the Pauline Privilege and marry another?*—NEW YORK.

The Pauline Privilege is applicable only in the case of two unbaptized persons, one of whom receives Christian Baptism and the other refuses to be converted, or at least to live in peace with the other party without prejudice to the faith of the convert. Hence, it cannot apply in the above case. Canon Law does allow the ecclesiastical authority to permit separation when one party is an occasion of grave danger to soul or body (Canon 1131). The case should be brought to the attention of the Pastor, who may be able to talk a little sense into the man.

## Thanksgiving After Communion

(1) *When there is no time to make a thanksgiving after Mass, would it be better to receive Holy Communion before Mass and return thanks during it, or receive during Mass and make little or none? In the church I attend, Holy Communion is distributed before Mass.* (2) *Is it better to follow the Missal from the beginning, even though I have just received, or is it more proper to spend the time in thanksgiving?*—PITTSBURGH, PA.

(1) The proper time for the faithful to receive Holy Communion, when they assist at Mass, is after the Communion of the celebrant. The structure of the Mass and the prayers thereof imply this. But for a reasonable cause it is permitted to distribute Holy Communion

either before or after Mass. If the practice in your church is to distribute it before Mass, it would be better to receive before Mass, if by not doing so it would be necessary for the priest to distribute the Holy Eucharist again during the Mass to you only. But if he distributes again during the Mass, ordinarily, we think it better to receive at that time, for you have offered the Mass with the priest and are now partaking of its fruits. If there is only a little time for thanksgiving, then Our Lord would be satisfied with the proper use of that little time.

(2) The missal itself has thanksgiving prayers—the Communion and Post Communion. Follow the missal from beginning to end. Liturgical devotion is very pleasing to God, for it is the prayer of the priest and the whole congregation. However, in this matter there are no hard and fast rules to be followed. Your Confessor will be able to give you personal direction.

### **Anointing In Baptism: Name In Confirmation: Mystical Death In Mass**

(1) Please explain the significance of the anointing with oil in Baptism. (2) Why is a name conferred in the Sacrament of Confirmation? (3) What are we to understand by these sentences taken from a book on Religion? "The mystical death which Christ dies in the Mass . . ." "The separation of the Body and Blood mystically represents the real shedding of His Blood." In trying to understand how the Sacrifice of the Mass is the same as the Sacrifice of Calvary, I find this "mystical death" difficult to fathom.—TORONTO, CANADA.

(1) The anointing with oil before Baptism is administered is a symbolic preparation for the struggle with the devil, during which the latter with all his works and pomps is renounced. This is in conformity with the ancient practice of anointing athletes with oil before combat. The anointing with sacred chrism after Baptism has been conferred is a sign of having been sanctified by divine grace, and of having become like Christ, Who was the Anointed of His Father.

(2) The taking of another name in Confirmation is not prescribed by Canon Law, as it is in Baptism, but it is a pious custom of long standing to do so. The saints whose names are assumed are made special patrons and models of the baptized and confirmed.

(3) The Church teaches that the Mass is a true and proper sacrifice, but it is a *representative* sacrifice in that it represents in an unbloody manner the bloody sacrifice which Christ offered on the Cross. Religion necessarily implies the offering of sacrifice. The sacrifice which Christ offered on the Cross is the perfect sacrifice in reparation for the sins of all mankind. The Mass is the perpetuation of that sacrifice in conformity with Our Lord's express will, made known at the Last Supper, when He changed bread into His Body and wine into His Blood, and commanded the apostles to do the same: "Do this for a commemoration of Me" (Luke 22: 19). The Council of Trent teaches that Christ left to His Church a visible sacrifice "by which the bloody sacrifice once offered on the Cross would be represented and its memory recalled even unto the end of the world."

The victim offered in the Mass is Christ Himself

under the Eucharistic species. As the Council of Trent teaches: "one and the same victim now offers Himself through the ministry of priests, Who once offered Himself on the Cross, the manner of offering alone being different."

Christ in the Mass is immolated *in another manner*, that is, under the sacramental veils, or mystically. He cannot die any more because He is immortal, but His death on the Cross can be represented. This is done by the separate consecration of the bread and wine into His Body and Blood. The separation of Body and Blood is the sacramental or mystical representation of His bloody death on the Cross. St. Paul said, "As often as you shall eat this bread and drink the chalice you shall show forth (or represent) the death of the Lord, until He come (again)" (I Cor. 11: 26). "In this divine sacrifice," says the Council of Trent, "the same Christ is contained and immolated in an *unbloody* manner."

### **Loon's "Story of Mankind"**

Would you please tell me if it is advisable to read Hendrick van Loon's "Story of Mankind?" If not, would you recommend another book along the same lines?—BOSTON, MASS.

We do not advise reading Van Loon's *Story of Mankind* because we think he is unsound in scholarship and biased against the Catholic Church. *The Human Caravan* by Jean du Plessis covers about the same field as Van Loon's book and it is the work of a scholar who recognizes God and the supernatural in human affairs. It was favorably reviewed in the June 1939 issue of THE SIGN and is listed at \$3.00, net.

### **Books on Sacred Passion**

Can you suggest some books on the Passion of Christ both devotional and doctrinal?—OHIO.

The following devotional books on the Passion of Christ are to be recommended: *Under His Shadow* by Francis Shea, C.P.; *The Precious Blood* by Father Faber; *The Tragedy of Calvary* by Msgr. Bolo; *The Ascent of Calvary* by Père Perroy, and *The Saddest and Gladdest of Days* by Fr. Camillus, C.P. (on the Seven Last Words).

Books of meditations which will be found useful are *The School of Jesus Crucified* by Fr. Ignatius, C.P.; *The Passion for the People* by Fr. Luigi, C.P.; *The Love of the Crucified* by Karl Clemens, C.S.S.R. (especially recommended for religious communities), and *The Passion Prayer Book* by Fr. Harold Purcell, which combines short, practical meditations with the usual prayer book features.

Historical treatment of the Passion will be found in *The Passion* by Père Ollivier, O.P.; *The Passion of Our Lord* by Cardinal De Lai, translated by Cardinal O'Connell; *History of the Passion* by Fr. Groenings, S.J.; *The Death of Jesus* by Fr. Philip, C.P., and *The Passion and Glory of Christ* by Msgr. Poelzel.

The above list is by no means exhaustive, for it is gratifying to report there is a large number of books and pamphlets on the market on the Sufferings and Death of Christ.



## Catholic and Jesuit Colleges

*I would be greatly obliged if you would furnish a list of Catholic colleges, especially those directed by Jesuits.*  
—NEW YORK.

A complete list of Catholic colleges and universities may be found in *The Franciscan Almanac*, 1939, on pages 255-263. The colleges and universities directed by the Jesuit Fathers in the East are Boston College, Boston, Mass.; Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.; Fordham University, New York, N. Y., and Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

## Blessed Palms

*Years ago I loaned, with many misgivings, some blessed palms on Palm Sunday to a Protestant lady who wanted them to decorate her dinner table, at which a local Protestant minister was a guest. Afterward I placed the blessed palms in a wide-mouthed bottle containing holy water. During a storm some days later I went to the bottle for some holy water, only to find the bottle cut in two perfect halves and quite dry of water. I have often wondered and worried as to whether this was a sign that I had done wrong.*—N. N.

Before ascribing an occurrence to supernatural or even preternatural causes, we should see if it can be explained by natural causes. So far as we can see, there is no reason for thinking that the bottle was split in half because of God's displeasure over what you did with the palms, though they should not have been loaned to decorate a dinner table, after having been blessed by the Church. Palm leaves quickly absorb water and if the vase was short and fragile, they could easily tip it over and break it.

## Saint Roger

*Is Roger a saint's name, and if so on what date does the Church observe his feast day?*—ROCHESTER, N. Y.

*Baptismal and Confirmation Names* lists a St. Roger who was a bishop and confessor of the sixth century in Normandy, and his feast day is on December 30th. *The Book of Saints* has three Rogers: an Englishman who became a Cistercian Abbot in the twelfth century near Rheims (January 4th); a thirteenth-century disciple of St. Francis of Assisi (March 5th); and Blessed James Roger, a fellow-sufferer with Blessed Richard Whiting, Abbot of Glastonbury, in the sixteenth century (November 14th). The name is German, meaning famous with spear.

## Kyrie Eleison: Douay and Authorized Versions: Working Where There is No Mass: Mass Directory

(1) Please explain why the prayer "Kyrie eleison," etc., in the Mass is in Greek, while the other prayers are in Latin. (2) What is the difference, if any, between the Douay Version or the Catholic Bible, and the King James Version or Protestant Bible? (3) Is a person guilty of sin who accepts a position in a locality where he knows beforehand it is impossible to attend Sunday Mass, e. g., in the navy, an Indian reservation, or other

isolated districts. (4) Is there a directory by means of which a traveler can know the location of Catholic churches both in cities and in the country? Such a guide would be a great help to tourists.—STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.

(1) The *Kyrie eleison* and its response, *Christe eleison*, are relics of a processional prayer which possibly goes back to the fourth century, when Greek was the liturgical language of Rome. The supplication in Greek became universally known and loved, which may explain why it was not rendered into Latin. Other remains of Greek supplications are in the *Improperia* or Reproaches of Good Friday during the veneration of the Cross.

(2) One important difference is mentioned in your question. When the Reformers in England corrupted the Bible in their translations into English, a group of English Catholic refugees from persecution provided their brethren with an orthodox version by translating the New Testament from the Latin Vulgate, diligently comparing it with the original Greek, at Rheims in 1582, and the Old Testament at Douay in 1609. The King James or Authorized Version, which appeared in 1611, was the outcome of many previous translations of the English Protestants. It was also indebted to the Catholic Rheims New Testament. Besides being a defective translation from the doctrinal viewpoint, the King James Version omits seven whole books of the Bible, and parts of others, which are contained in the Douay Bible.

(3) The Third Commandment of God prescribes two things—abstinence from servile works and attendance at Mass. Both are grave laws from which only grave reasons will excuse. The necessity of making a living and the impossibility of obtaining a position where Mass may be attended on days prescribed may excuse from the above obligations. But in such matters it is always well to seek the advice of one's pastor who can judge of the circumstances. On some of the vessels of the U. S. Navy Mass is provided by the Catholic chaplain. There are comparatively few public institutions where no provision is made for the religious needs of Catholics. There is one bad feature about missing Mass for a long period of time, even with justification. It gets one into the habit of doing without it, which is a grave spiritual loss.

(4) We do not know of any directory especially designed for the use of tourists. *The Official Catholic Directory* lists all parishes, missions, etc., throughout the country, but not the hours of Masses. Solicitous and open-eyed tourists will find it easy to discover where and when Masses are offered in all localities. In any event, one can inquire.

## Waugh Brothers

*Is Alec Waugh the brother of Evelyn Waugh, the English convert writer, and is the former a convert too?*—VA.

Alec Waugh is the brother of Evelyn Waugh, but, so far as we know, he is not a convert to the Catholic Church. Evelyn seems to be the only convert in his family.

## Black But Beautiful

Can you tell me the meaning of this expression from the Office of the Blessed Virgin, "Thou art black but beautiful?"—MALDEN, MASS.

The above text is from the Canticle of Canticles, 1, 5. This Canticle is full of deep mysteries but the dominant note is divine love. The spouse is variously interpreted as humanity, the Church, the Blessed Virgin, and the sanctified soul. Chapter 1 describes the intense longing of the spouse for union with her beloved. The Douay Version reads, "I am black but beautiful, O ye daughters of Jerusalem." Literally, the spouse has beautiful and comely features which have been blackened by the sun during her work in the fields. When applied to the Church, the text signifies that she may appear externally as black, but internally, that is, in her doctrines and especially in her saints, she is very beautiful. When accommodated to the Blessed Virgin, the text signifies that she was black because of her descent from sinful Adam, but beautiful because through God's special mercy she was preserved immaculate from every stain of sin.

## Old Catholic and Russian Bishops

Are the Orders of the Old Catholic Church valid, and if they consecrated someone a bishop, would the consecration be valid? I have also been told that the Russian bishops have consecrated some Episcopalian bishops.—PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The Orders of the Old Catholic bishops are considered to be valid, and their consecrations also valid, presuming that all conditions necessary for validity are observed. We think that the same holds true for the bishops of the Russian Orthodox Church. Both the Old Catholics and the Russian Orthodox are in schism. As regards actual consecrations performed by these bishops, it is for the authority of the Church to decide whether they have been validly conferred.

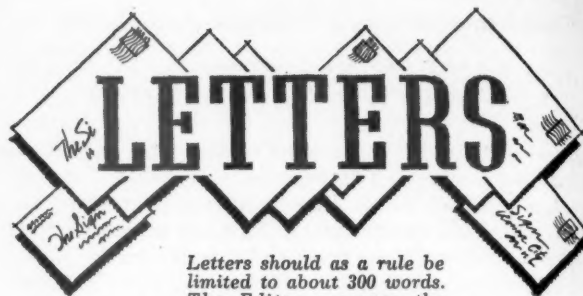
## Sholem Asch's "Nazarene"

Sholem Asch, author of "The Nazarene," says that the Mother of Christ had eight children, four boys and four girls. We have always been taught that Christ was her only son. Will you please enlighten me?—NEW YORK, N. Y.

"The Nazarene" is supposed to be Jesus Christ, Whom Christians believe to be true God and true Man in one Divine Person. In reality the Nazarene of this book is a creature of a modern Jew's imagination. Hence, the many errors about the character and office of Jesus, the virginity of Mary, etc. The author's remarks about other children of the Blessed Virgin have been refuted from the early days of the Church. We published a lengthy answer in the October, 1939, issue.

This book is emphatically not recommended for the ordinary faithful because it will give them many false ideas of their Faith.

The Jews are quick to see anti-Semitism in any unfavorable reference to Jews. Here is a book by a Jew which is really a caricature of Jesus, whom Catholics adore as very God.



Letters should as a rule be limited to about 300 words. The Editor reserves the right of cutting. Opinions expressed herein are the writer's and not necessarily those of the Editor. Intelligent comment concerning matters having relation to Catholic life and thought are welcomed. Communications should bear the name and address of writers.

## NEWSPAPERS AND PROPAGANDA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

The discussion of propaganda in the public press by Mr. Roger W. Mullin, under the title of "Your Newspaper and The War", was most timely, but there is one important angle which I think the author did not sufficiently amplify.

I refer to news selection. While my work has been mostly reporting, I am informed that no newspaper can print all the news reports received, even from the great press services. In fact, I think not more than a fourth is published in the average metropolitan daily.

Consequently, a fourth is selected which is in harmony with the policy of the paper. Included in the remaining three-fourths is the statement of fact which the editor not only may not wish to stress, but may even be desirous of withholding from his readers.

I have been present when the staff of the leading metropolitan daily, the most influential paper in a populous state, was informed by the managing editor that, in the presidential campaign then waging, the paper favored Mr. White first, and Mr. Black second. He was, of course, opposed to other candidates.

The result of such a dictum was for the editors to print, and to play up, stories boosting Mr. White and possibly Mr. Black. Stories derogatory to these two men were never published. Conversely, stories tending to lessen public approval of the other candidates were published, while any complimentary speeches or incidents went into the wastebasket along with the rejected three-fourths of the total news coverage.

This same policy is followed throughout with respect to other items of news. If the paper is pro-British it will reject any stories favorable to the Germans. If it favors the superintendent of schools, it will not publish any objections to the existing school administration. If it favors the advertising merchants, as most papers do, any favorable news with respect to striking clerks, is anathema. An elevator accident in a prominent department store, of course a big advertiser, is minimized or wholly omitted.

This, to me, is the greatest propaganda influence exercised by a newspaper, giving it greater influence than any editorial, position, or headline can possibly exert.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CONNOR FORD

## PLANS FOR PROFIT-SHARING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Father Thorning's article, "Workers Profit!" which appeared in the January issue of THE SIGN, was a very interesting review of profit-sharing. I should like to encourage him to present some kind of an analytical study of certain meritorious plans such as, for example, the General Electric Plan. I have read the article to my Business Economic Classes.

GLOUCESTER CITY, N. J. JOSEPH I. McCULLOUGH

## CHAPEL OF THE GOOD THIEF

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I read with great interest the article "Chapel of the Good Thief" by Walter Fitzpatrick in the January issue of THE SIGN. The author treated his subject very well, and I wish to congratulate THE SIGN on publishing the story.

There are some 1200 prisoners registered as Catholics here at Clinton Prison, the "Siberia of America" as it is called. Prison discipline may punish these offenders, but their reform is the task of the prison chaplain.

The problem with which we are now faced is that of completing the spiritual center which is presently being erected to the glory of God and the honor of St. Dismas—"The Good Thief"—Patron Saint of the Condemned. This church is being built within the walls—a "bit of heaven" where those who are heavily burdened may find peace and comfort as did the repentant thief.

We can depend only on the generosity of our friends and well-wishers in the world beyond the walls for assistance, since there are no State funds from which to draw.

You who read these lines can help us to bring souls back to God by sending a contribution; you can help us to send these men and boys back into the world reconstructed and rehabilitated—better citizens for God and country. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged, and you may send your contribution to: Rev. A. R. Hyland, Catholic Chaplain, Dannemora, New York.

DANNEMORA, NEW YORK (REV.) A. R. HYLAND

## NURSING BROTHERS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Having noticed in the columns of The Sign-Post requests for information regarding nursing orders for men, may we bring the following to the attention of your readers and those young men who may be interested in such a community?

The Brothers of Mercy, who devote their lives to nursing the sick in their homes and in hospitals, have recently opened a Novitiate in the Diocese of Buffalo, N. Y. There is much greater need for nursing Brothers than one might think at first sight, and they can do a splendid work among men, particularly in cases that cannot be cared for in the ordinary hospital.

In their new Novitiate the Brothers accept young men between the ages of 17 and 37 and give them a special training in nursing and the care of the sick. These zealous Brothers carry on in a very special way

the mission of mercy which Christ entrusted to the Church, and which she has fulfilled so magnificently down the ages. Any young man, who for some reason is unable to become a priest, can devote himself to no grander vocation than this work of mercy.

49 Cottage Street,  
BUFFALO, N. Y.

BROTHER EUSEBIUS,  
MASTER OF NOVICES.

## A LAW AGAINST "THE SIGN"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

There should be a law against such a good magazine. I can't do my work until I have read THE SIGN completely. In these words are expressed my opinion of your most excellent publication.

This is the first opportunity that I have had to write to you to inform you of my views on your periodical. It surely represents clear thinking, accurate and timely reporting, and intelligent presentation.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

JOSEPH L. PETRIK.

## BROADCAST ABOUT DIVORCE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As a subscriber may I bring this matter to your consideration, if you have not already acted upon it?

On Sunday afternoons at 3 p. m., over Station WEEF, is presented the subway-advertised skit entitled, "I Want a Divorce." This commercializing, publicizing, and promoting of the destruction of matrimony is not only socially harmful, but to our Catholic youth spiritually dangerous, particularly to such as have had limited or no Catholic training, or have lax Catholic parents.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

HELEN C. CAULFIELD.

## CATHOLICS IN Y. W. C. A.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the December, 1939, issue, I read in The Sign-Post Department a question and answer relating to Catholic membership in the Y. W. C. A., and the Girl Reserves Clubs of this organization.

It seems that the Catholic Church is definitely opposed to membership in these groups on the basis that the teachings of these groups are Protestant, and therefore Catholic youth belonging to these clubs are being exposed to contagion, and will in the end be influenced away from the Church.

It is my opinion that the Church is in error. I myself am a Catholic, and for the past five years have been a member of the Y. W. C. A., and when I entered high school four years ago I joined the Tri-Y, a high school branch of the Girl Reserves. I am not the only Catholic girl in the club. I may safely say that at least 50% of the girls belong to the Church, and two hold the most important offices in the group.

In all the years that I have belonged to the Y., not one mention has been made of any specific religion. No prayers have been said; no one has talked about religion at all. Catholics, Protestants, and Jews mingle together at a meeting, and we all join in the fun. A girl is not accepted on the basis of who she is, who her family are, what the financial standing of her parents is, or to which church she goes, but what she is in herself.

PASSAIC, N. J.

ELEANOR WEAVER.



## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Permit me to congratulate you on the stand you took with regard to the Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., and their affiliates. It was the only correct stand you could take, since the doctrinal decision of the Holy Office must be accepted by all. However, I fear that some good people not fully acquainted with the real nature of these organizations might refer to personal experiences, which after all are but individual and local.

The Y. M. C. A. and its counterpart are definitely international *missionary* organizations not acknowledging Catholics as Christians. In some places they are rabidly anti-Catholic, for example, in Jerusalem. Membership in these organizations implies the approval of all they do in general, and membership does at least contribute to the promotion of prestige and financial support. Catholic members are useful for this purpose and for this reason former tactics excluding Catholics are no longer operative. Because of this many Catholics, especially such as are not well instructed, and not fully acquainted with the books and literature of the Association are unwittingly misled. In most cases they do not know of the decision of the Church, otherwise they would humbly submit to it.

By stating this, I do not want to say that these Catholics are not educated. On the contrary, as far as my experience informs me, they are mostly public high school and college students, who with all the credits to their record could not pass in college religion. Moreover, those who join the forbidden associations are not found on the rolls of the Blessed Virgin's Sodality, the Holy Name, the Third Order, or other religious Catholic organizations. Nor are they interested in Catholic Action, although they are bound to this duty by their Baptism. On the other hand, on account of receiving public support, these associations can provide temporal advantages for but little money, but that should not blind Catholics.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

A TEACHER.

## "CATHOLIC AMERICANA"

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Last night I read "Heritage" by Bryan M. O'Reilly. The first thing I did this morning was to re-read it. It is so much the thing I have wanted from the Catholic Press that I am writing to ask you to give us more of this type of thinking.

Personally I am interested in "Americana." Why can't we have "Catholic Americana" done by Mr. O'Reilly? It needs the enthusiasm for the subject that Mr. O'Reilly's writing displays. His is a real interest.

BRIGHTWATERS,

BERNADETTE C. ETINGER.

L. I., N. Y.

## SABBATINE PRIVILEGE

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In The Sign-Post of the October 1939 issue, a question was asked concerning the Sabbatine Privilege, which to my mind was answered in a rather unsatisfactory, if not misleading, manner. To a person inquiring whether the promise of our Lady applies only to the Brown Scapular, you answered that this is so, and added: "There has been much discussion over the

authenticity and effect of this promise." In making the latter statement you are absolutely correct, for there has been much discussion of the vision of Pope John XXII and the Sabbatine Bull, but these two matters are entirely apart from the Sabbatine *Privilege*, and I wonder whether your inquiring Catholic will make the requisite distinction. Quite apart from the historical question of the promise and the bull, the faithful are entitled to the benefit of the Sabbatine Privilege according to the Decree of the Roman Inquisition under Pope Paul V (January 20, 1613):

"It is lawful for the Carmelites to preach that the faithful may piously believe in the succor promised to the Brethren themselves and also to the members of the Confraternity of the Blessed Mary, Virgin of Mount Carmel, namely, that the Blessed Virgin will assist by her continual intercession, suffrages and merits, and also by her special protection, particularly on the Saturday after their death (which day has been dedicated to the most holy Virgin by the Church), the souls of those Brethren and members of the Confraternity, who depart this life in charity, and who whilst living on earth have worn the habit, observed chastity according to their state in life, and who have recited the Little Office, or if they know not how to read, shall have observed the fasts of the Church and shall have abstained from flesh meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays—unless the Feast of the Nativity of our divine Lord is celebrated on those days."

Thus, the person making the inquiry may with perfect peace of mind and trust in Our Lady of Mount Carmel, hope to obtain this marvelous privilege attached to the Brown Scapular. The matter has been taken out of the hands of historians, and doubts about the authenticity of the bull or the vision need not affect one's devotion.

I have no doubt you meant to address your concluding remark only to the historical angle of the question, but it seemed to me that your reply, accurate as it was, might arouse doubt in the mind of your pious reader, who, thinking the devotion a questionable one, might discontinue its practice.

FRATER JOACHIM SMET, O. CARM.

CARMELITE COLLEGE,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.

## THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

H.G.D., Arlington, Mass.; E.B., Dunkirk; M.F.H., Cresco, Iowa; M.A.C., Philadelphia, Pa.

## GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

St. Gabriel, M.C.D., South Boston, Mass.; St. Anthony, L.P., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Mother, M.L.N., Brooklyn, N.Y.; St. Joseph, M.P., Cincinnati, O.; Sacred Heart, A.S., Sharpsburg, Pa.; Blessed Mother, M.D.J.D., Buffalo, N.Y.; Souls in Purgatory, M.N., Philadelphia, Pa.; Holy Ghost, R.S.D., Louisville, Ky.; Martin de Porres, Mother Cabrini, A.K., Mayville, Wis.; St. Anthony, W.J.F., Minneapolis, Minn.; St. Anthony, M.A.B., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, M.B., New York, N.Y.; A.G., Baltimore, Md., M.A.B., New York, N.Y.; P.H., Erie, Pa.; D.E.McA., Philadelphia, Pa.; M.J.W., Brooklyn, N.Y.; N.G., Bayonne, N.J.; M.D.S., Pittsburgh, Pa.; A.K., Pittston, Pa.



# WOMAN *to* WOMAN



By KATHERINE BURTON

## Things Are Getting Better

THE Christmas season this year heartened me in various ways. There was visible progress of the more popular usage of the Catholic version of the angels' greeting at Bethlehem and less of that all-embracing version of "good will to men." This is a private crusade of mine and it is pleasant to see new members joining it, this year among others President Roosevelt and the New York City subways which carried it in all their cars. No doubt the times have something to do with it, for the truth is becoming more and more evident that peace is for men of good will.

The King of England in his Christmas broadcast used an enchanting quotation whose origin has puzzled many, including the British Museum and me. "I said to a man who stood at the gate of the year: 'Give me a light that I may tread softly into the unknown', and he replied: 'Go out into the darkness and put your hand into the hand of God. That shall be to you better than a light and safer than a known way.'"

## Horoscope For This Year

AND our Dorothy Thompson, that good Protestant, in a horoscope for 1940, said there will be a deepened interest in religion and added that the Catholic Church will make great gains especially in the United States. Perhaps some of the intellectuals who massed at Heywood Broun's funeral and listened to Monsignor Sheen's sermon over the recent convert will be some of the gains—that is my little addition to the horoscope.

Adversity in material affairs is proving as all through history that adversity has its spiritual uses. For many people humanism has been enough for a long time now. Churches they considered museums and supernatural faith something to smile at. Now with hate and horror let loose in so many places, mere humanism proves not enough and intellectuals whose triple armor was indignation at material poverty, kindness to neighbors, and hate of bad conditions, find that the armor has chinks and they are hunting for a cement.

Heywood Broun stated it all very simply when he said, on coming into the Church, that he had long felt the necessity for the brotherhood of man, but now he knew too the necessity of the Fatherhood of God.

## Helen Hayes' Mother on Mary of Scotland

THE *Saturday Evening Post* has been running a serial—a serial of letters supposedly written by Helen Hayes' mother to Helen Hayes' daughter. The method proves

inept and downright foolish when little Mary, the daughter, is given material far beyond her tender years to understand. That is merely personal opinion, however. But when Miss Hayes is spoken of in *Mary of Scotland*, her mother writes: "Another thing that worried Mommy was the question that would be raised by the author's whitewashing of Mary Stuart who, according to all biographers, was a pretty bad woman." But then the playwright took poetic and theatrical license, and so "Mommy" could make herself believe Mary Stuart the tragic woman she was in the play.

Mary Stuart had her haters. John Knox did not like her and said she had an indurate heart against God—because she would not give up her faith. Froude agreed with him later, and no doubt she appeared indurate to the Dean of Peterborough when, as she stood at the block, she besought him not to importune her further, for she was settled in the ancient Faith and ready to shed her blood for it.

Hatred and misunderstanding have been Mary Stuart's, but not all biographers have called her what Helen Hayes' mother presumes to. To my mind came immediately one book on her—Maurice Baring's *In My End is My Beginning*—the story as told by the four Marys, her ladies-in-waiting, and the tender account by her maid of her last hours. Miss Hayes' mother or the ghost writer or the editor of the *Post* who passed on it ought to get in more reading on Mary Stuart.

## The Church of All Lands

IT is a pleasure to turn from the world picture and look instead at something that should give us all true joy, as showing how universal is the Church, how she really means what she says when she calls all equally her children, no matter what their class or color. Word comes from statistical departments of the missions that sixty-three per cent of the six thousand Sisters now working in China are native Chinese. And there is also the news of a native African of Masaka just appointed Vicar Apostolic of his own Uganda—one of two Negroes raised to the episcopacy by Pope Pius XII.

While on the subject of the Church, there is a new book that will repay careful perusal, not only by Catholics but by those who have been stating so volubly that this is a Protestant country. Daniel Sargent has written an account, in his book called *Our Land and Our Lady*, which shows how very Catholic were the origins of this country. I hope someone put a copy in Dorothy Thompson's Christmas stocking, remembering how she once reprimanded a woman in no uncertain terms in this regard. She could learn a lot from this book.

# CATEGORICA •

THE WORLD IN WHICH WE  
LIVE AS SEEN THROUGH  
THE EYES OF OTHERS

## George Washington: Letter Writer

• JUDGING by the following facts, George Washington must have been a prodigious letter writer. From the "New York Times":

Recently at a New York auction a note written by George Washington to Lord Fairfax sold for \$475. Another of lesser importance brought \$250.

Those figures are within the usual range of prices charged for unimportant letters written by the Father of His Country. However, prices as high as \$10,000 have been paid for a single letter in private sales; \$7,500 is about as much as was ever offered for any Washington letter on the auction block.

It is conservatively estimated that Washington wrote approximately 75,000 letters. The Library of Congress now has the largest collection; it fills 400 volumes and folios. The largest private collection, approximately 500 letters, is owned by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, the book collector. New letters are reported to be turning up annually.

Although Washington's letters bring high prices, his autograph is not a great rarity. It is commonly bought for about \$2.

## Another Rockne Victory

• IN A BOOK just published by Bruce Publishing Co., "Through Hundred Gates," is the following by Knute Rockne, famous coach of Notre Dame:

One night before a big game in the East, I was nervous and worried about the outcome of the game the next day and was unable to sleep. . . .

Along about five or six o'clock in the morning, I started pacing the lobby of the hotel, when suddenly I ran into two of my own players hurrying out. I asked one of them where they were going at such an hour, although I had a good idea. Then I retired to a chair in the lobby where I couldn't be seen, but where I could see everyone who went in or out of the door. Within the next few minutes, my players kept hurrying out of the door in pairs or groups, and finally, when they were about all gone, I got near the door so I could question the next player who came along.

In a minute or two, the last of the squad hurried out of the elevator and made for the door. I stopped them and asked them if they, too, were going to Mass, and they replied that they were. I decided to go along with them. Although they probably did not realize it, these youngsters were making a powerful impression on me with their piety and devotion, and when I saw all of them walking to the Communion rail to receive, and realized the several hours of sleep they had sac-

rificed in order to do this, I understood for the first time what a powerful ally their religion was to those boys in their work on the football field. Then it was that I really began to see the light; to know what was missing in my life, and later on I had the great pleasure of joining my boys at the Communion rail.

## The Ways of War

• "THE CROSS" of Dublin credits Manus O'Neill with the first two of the following war stories. The third is from the "American Legion":

One concerns a soldier who was retreating so rapidly that he soon got lost. He espied a stout, be-medalled officer strolling along, and from him inquired where he was. The officer turned purple: "I, sir, am the commander-in-chief." "Oh," replied the soldier, "have I run back as far as that?"

We let Manus O'Neill tell the next one himself:

An American negro, serving in the Great War, lay in the hospital suffering from a wound.

"Well, Rastus," said a visitor, "how do you like the war?"

"I liked it all right, sah, till the other day."

"What happened?"

"I was ordered here. I went. I was ordered there. I went. I liked that, sah. But then I was ordered somewhere else, and up comes a peffekly strange gentleman and shoots me!"

\* \* \*

Sam had been instructed to clean up the headquarters tent for the coming conference, but when the officers arrived he was still pushing the broom around, though unobtrusively. One item of conversation in the tent Sam took to heart, and after the meeting he said:

"Colonel, sah, what was that y'all was sayin' about if the Germans broke through the lines and came back here?"

"Why, we were discussing just what my command would have to do in case that happened, Sam."

"What, Colonel sah, would y'all do?"

"I don't know exactly, Sam. What would you do?"

"Ah reckon Ah'd spread that news all over France, Colonel."

## Taxi Driver Wisdom

• WISDOM from the lowly is recorded by Walter Duranty in "Italy for the Italians" in the "Atlantic":

Alexander Woollcott once said to me, as if he had discovered a great new truth, "I always talk to taxi drivers."

"Who doesn't?" I replied so quickly as to take Mr.



Woollcott aback. "You think it's because they see dozens of people daily and life in its seamier fringes, but I go further than that. I like them because they represent the higher levels of the industrial proletariat, plus an individualism so marked as to be almost anarchistic."

At least that was true of one taxi driver in Rome. He said, "Italy go to war? I had too much war. They said it wasn't war, but colonial expedition, to get new land and resources. But me, I lived in Chicago, and because they called them pineapples didn't mean that they didn't explode. Wars—wars—I tell you, mister, the way to win a war is to stay out of it till the last minute and then come in on the right side. We made that mistake before—as a matter of fact, I came back here myself and fought on the Isonzo. That was a battle, if you like. They talk about Verdun and the Somme, but the Isonzo was a battle. Did it do us any good? Of course not. The mistake Italy made in the last war was coming in too soon. Say we'd waited another two years and—"

I checked this volubility. "So now you won't come in."

"I hope not," he said. "And why should we? We've done quite a lot already and we aren't just 'wops' any more. You wouldn't know what's been done in the last twenty years in this country, but I've seen it—they've done a lot. Why waste all that for a war?"

We had reached our destination, so the driver could turn around and look at me.

"It's no good," he said. "Wars don't pay—at least not a war like this. And we Italians ain't dumb—you won't see us again in their war."

I didn't think he knew much, but I didn't think he was "dumb."

### Advantages of Fear

- FEAR has certain advantages in spite of the modern psychologists, according to the "Liguorian":

Modern psychologists insist that fears are the cause of much of the unhappiness of life. Perhaps it is true. But second-hand dealers in psychology out-psychology the psychologists and outlaw all fear of God, man, and nature. To us simple folk who see things plainly, fear seems to be a very smart thing if it is directed to real evils. If I have a reasonable fear of heavy traffic, of scarlet fever, and of jail, I may have the good fortune to keep my body intact, my good health, and perhaps my freedom. If I fear Hell, I may keep out of it; if others fear Hell, I may be delivered from robbers, murderers, blackmailers, and detractors. This consideration led the French author Sadl to say: "I fear God, and after God I fear principally the man who does not fear God."

### Stamp Collecting

- IN "MAKING FOOLS OF PHILATELISTS" in the "American Mercury", Stephen Naft tells us that:

Uncle Sam nets over \$1,000,000 a year through the sale of postage stamps which will never be used except in collections. In the year ending last June thirtieth, the Post office sold \$1,312,016.48 worth of stamps to philatelists throughout the world. Since 1921 this en-

terprise has brought in more than \$12,000,000 clear profit to the government. . . .

New issues of stamps are now epidemic. They attest neither chronic patriotism nor official interest in miniature art, but a greed for philatelic profit. Sometimes governments go too far even for soft-hearted collectors. French philatelists, last July, threatened to boycott their own nation's output if it didn't slow up production. Before that Italy was threatened with boycott and bowed to the warning by cutting down the number of stamps printed for the trade. The scope of the business may be surmised from the fact that in a good year, 1932, a total of 1682 different issues appeared in the world, Italy leading with 197 new adhesives.

### Is There An Awakening?

- FACTS have a way of blasting theories. "The Catholic School Journal's" reference to several educational meetings hints that a distinct need is being felt:

At a very recent meeting of the Association of Urban Universities it was declared that the process of secularization in urban institutions had proceeded to a point beyond all reason and the question of how to spiritualize higher education was a problem still unanswered and unsolved. A preliminary report of the committee of the New York Chamber of Commerce now studying the efficiency and economy of the New York public schools maintained that "among the needs of the school was a deep, true religious understanding and viewpoint." The Congress on Education for Democracy last summer discussed the contribution of religion and stressed the necessity for religious and moral training for youth in attendance at public schools. The present emphasis on character formation, which is so evident in modern educational literature, policies, and programs, is another characteristic of this trend.

### A World of Glamour

- IN THE "NEW YORK TIMES" Mr. Stephen Leacock records his reflections on "The Business of Growing Old":

Some people, I know, are luckier in this than I am. They're born in a world of glamour and live in it. For them there are great people everywhere, and the illusion seems to feed itself. One such I recall out of the years, with a capacity for admiration all his own.

"I sat next to Professor Buchan at the dinner last night," he once told me. "He certainly is a great scholar, a marvelous philologist!"

"Is he?" I said.

"Yes," my friend continued. "I asked him if he thought the Indian word *snabe* was the same as the German word *knabe*."

"And what did he say?"

"He said he didn't know."

And with that my friend sat back in quiet appreciation of such accurate scholarship and of the privilege of being near it. There are many people like that, decent fellows to be with. Their illusions keep their life warm.

But for most of us they fade out and life itself as

we begin to look back on it appears less and less. Has it all faded to this? There comes to me the story of an old Carolina Negro who found himself, after years of expectancy, privileged to cast a vote. After putting the ballot paper in the box he stood, still expectant, waiting for what was to happen, to come next. And then, in disillusionment: "Is that all there is, boss? Is that all there is to it?"

"That's all," said the presiding officer.

### Noted But Not Recommended

• *This is not a boost for tooth brush manufacturers. But this item from "The Bengalese" will hardly convert any of our readers to the Indian fashion:*

The chef once before told his readers about the Indian tooth brush: no highly advertised instrument with non-come-out-able bristles; no soothing brush daubed with a pasty concoction or a sweet tasting powder; nothing but a stick. The end of this granddaddy of all tooth brushes is pulped into a brush by no one but the user. Having bought his brush, the man takes a stone or a hammer and thumps at one end until it becomes soft and pliable: it is then ready to cleanse his teeth and harden his gums. Men of a more virile nature do not trouble to hammer the end of the stick to produce bristles: they apply the hardened edge of the stick to their teeth and gums and let time and usage give to their stick its tooth brush form.

### An American Rural Scene

• *MONSIGNOR JOHN O'GRADY's statement, quoted in "Central-Blatt," is enough to silence any desire to boast about our prosperity:*

In many counties which I have visited in recent months, poor people have come on bended knees in order to secure relief. Many people would rather starve than apply to the county organizations. This is a sad commentary on our whole relief program. It is an illustration of the toughness of the old "poor law" tradition. I visited two counties recently in which the State Police had to be called in order to secure relief for families in dire distress. . . .

Drought conditions are again with us in many States. Nebraska seems to have been hardest hit. Ten counties in the State have been very seriously affected. In five or six of these counties there has been continuous drought since 1934. The farmers are facing a serious situation this winter. Their cash crops have been ruined and in some places they are without feed for their livestock.

### Importance of Children

• *GEORGE J. FISHER, of the Boy Scouts of America, expressed a sentiment which right-minded people of all creeds should share:*

Children are the most important persons in the world. What happens to them is of vital importance.

Now they are growing in importance because there are fewer of them. In our elementary schools we are

now finding empty seats. In New York City there were 11,000 fewer entrants in elementary schools this Autumn. Our world of tomorrow will have fewer children in it relatively and more old people. Think of a world with a lessening degree of childish prattle and of children's laughter. . . .

What I fear about the falling birthrate in America is that, as in Europe, the State will intervene. It will put a price on children's heads and consider them as economic units. We will talk of National Deterioration; offer bonuses for large families; and surround the whole subject with a grossness that is repelling. There must be a new appreciation of childhood and a deepening sense of parenthood. Womanhood today is not necessarily synonymous with motherhood and this is social tragedy far more serious than we have yet admitted.

### East African Wisdom

• *THE WANGURU of Tanganyika have no encyclopedia. But, according to "Primitive Man," their proverbs are worth consideration:*

"He who is without clothes is rich." (The poor man is free from the worries of guarding his wealth.)

"Be nice to the prodigal on his return."

"The lazy *kipanga* bird is killed by disgrace." (The lazy one is wanted nowhere. He is an outcast and dies in disgrace.)

"It's the slow bird that finishes the fowl in the house." (It is the slow, gentle bird to whom we pay no attention that robs us when we are not looking.)

"Chase the goat and you chase her young." (Like father, like son.)

"Too much sleep left the snake without feet." (Unused members become useless.)

"By making himself small the *ndezi* escaped from the trap." (Be prudent and you will get out of your trouble.)

"The orphan does not sleep well." (The orphan must work, for he has no parents to help him.)

### The Dictators and Religion

• *THE RELIGIOUS VIEWS of Europe's dictators are discussed in "Redbook" by René Kraus:*

Has the Duce grown religious in his flash of old man's wisdom? All his life he has been anti-clerical. Even his peace with the Pope he accompanied with blasphemous words: "Christianity would have perished ignominiously like any other Eastern sect if it had not found refuge in Imperial Rome." Yet now he prays every morning, gives gold crosses to his children, even attends Communion occasionally.

Hitler still has no use for faith. Religion he regards as competition to the Party. "Where Christianity failed, Nazism worked," is one of his favorite sayings. And he regards himself as God.

Stalin does not deify himself. He is satisfied with the phrase: "Religion is contrary to science." But he does not object to Communism's having elevated him into a walking deity. The bootlicking sycophancy with which all Russia does him homage—or else!—has no parallel, not even in Germany or Italy.



# BOOKS



## Masters of Their Own Destiny

By M. M. COADY

The unusual qualities of objectivity, common sense, and forthrightness that characterize Rev. Dr. Coady's *Masters of Their Own Destiny* make it a delightful book to read, even apart from its inspiring story of the "Antigonish Movement." Dr. Coady has played a leading part in this movement as Director of Extension of St. Francis Xavier University, Nova Scotia: the University that came to the people who could not come to the University.

Because Dr. Coady believes that: "Man cannot live by bread alone, but certainly not without bread," he conceived it to be one of the chief duties of his University to help men solve their economic problems, "so that they may cease to worry about bread and begin to enjoy their Brahms." As a result of the work of the Extension Department of "Saint F. X.," twenty-one thousand grown-ups—farmers, fishermen, lumbermen, and miners—in Nova Scotia alone are meeting regularly to study and work their way out of an economic impasse. Co-operatives have been formed for marketing, buying, and housing; credit unions have been established; leaders are being trained; and the Movement is already strong in Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and is spreading west.

Dr. Coady's book shows what honest thinking and honest work can accomplish in the lives of individuals, communities, and even in whole countries.

Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.00

## Through Hundred Gates

By REVS. SEVERIN AND STEPHEN LAMPING, O.F.M.

*Through Hundred Gates* is a compilation of forty-one stories of conversions, written by distinguished

converts of recent years. It would be difficult to imagine a more graphic example of the wondrous operations of God's grace than is found in these pages.

The conversion stories range from that of Knute Rockne, immortal sports figure of Notre Dame University, to that of Dom Tseng Tsiang, O.S.B., one-time Prime Minister of China. In between are converts from twenty other nations—outstanding men and women. There are doctors and lawyers, writers and social workers, a Japanese Admiral and a Russian Prince. We find converts from Hinduism and Socialism, from Communism and the various Protestant sects, from atheism and agnosticism. The book is a veritable microcosm of Catholicity—a perfect example of the universality and vitality of the Church.

This is a book which every priest should have at hand. The compilers deserve well of both priests and laity for this edifying and encouraging work. Incidentally, a word of commendation should go to the publishers. As publishers of the whole Religion and Culture Series, to which the present volume belongs, they have done a fine work for religion and the Church.

We heartily recommend this book not only to Catholic priests and laity but especially to all sincere seekers after the truth. The stories of those who have gone before in the search after truth may be the beacon light which will lead others on the right path.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$2.50.

## Which Way, Democracy?

By WILFRID PARSONS

This splendid work by the former editor of *America*, now professor of political science at Georgetown University, deserves a wide reading. Coming at a time when democracy would seem to be at the crossroads

of its existence, the publication of this book is most timely.

Father Parsons first deals with fundamental ideas. The natural law written in the heart of man by his Creator is the basis of morality, of religion, and of government. Without the directing force of morality and religion, true government cannot function. There follows the abuse of power, interference with man's inalienable rights, usurpation of authority, resulting in disorder of society, tyranny, lack of faith among nations, and eventually decay.

The author then gives a clear exposition of the true meaning of democracy, which can only be rightfully understood in the light of the Christian concept of the State. Such was the democracy conceived by the immortal framers of our own Constitution, the democracy advocated by Thomas Aquinas, Suarez, later by George Washington, and in our day by Pope Pius XII.

This book is bound to provoke lively and interested discussion on the nature and value of true democracy. It is highly recommended to our readers for private reading, for use in study clubs, and for general discussion.

The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.00

## Method In Literature For Catholic Schools

By BURTON CONFREY, Ph.D.

It is a pleasure to herald another of Burton Confrey's literary productions. Thus far he has not fallen into the vice of prolific writers—the exposition of the commonplace and the obvious.

Many teachers of English literature may disagree with the author's "inductive" method of teaching. He advocates presentation of material according to types rather than periods; the laboratory system of study whereby the students are more or less on their own initiative and have

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free access to books; the elimination of formal recitation; "no specific assignment for the whole class from day to day . . . no marks and formal tests as measures of achievement."

This method gives too much latitude to students (except the more progressive) and, taking human nature as it is, would probably result in desultory reading habits and have very little tangible results. Probably a more modified form of this system would be the desirable norm.

However, prescind from this debatable factor of a specific general method of teaching, the author has embraced in this volume a profound critique and analysis of English literature in its various phases: drama, fiction, poetry, the essay, etc. The thoroughly Catholic atmosphere of the entire volume is worthy of note.

*The Magnificat Press, Manchester, N. H. \$2.00*

## Paul and the Crucified

By WILLIAM J. McGARRY, S. J.

This book is a popularization of class lectures delivered to Jesuit theological students. In six chapters the author paints the historical background of St. Paul's epistles and develops the fundamental, basic thought of Pauline theology, "Christ and Him Crucified." On every page the author's deep, thorough knowledge of the critical and theological questions concerning the early Church manifests itself. As a result, his book is a solid, scientific study of Pauline theology. But the book is by no means a dry, theological treatise. Written in picturesque lan-

guage, with graceful, well-balanced periods, *Paul and the Crucified* is delightful as well as instructive and edifying reading.

*The America Press, N. Y. \$3.00*

## Of His Fullness

By FR. GERALD VANN, O.P.

In a world of deploying armies it is reassuring to hold in one's hands a book on values and verities, which gas and guns cannot disturb. From the prolific pen of Fr. Gerald Vann, O.P., has come a slim volume of such complexion. The composing ink of this English Thomist is ever accurate and attractive, and *Of His Fullness*—a partial study on ascetics—has legitimate affinity with his former volumes.

Previously given as religious retreat conferences, the published series has widened its radius to include that increasing number of lay Christians now intent on a higher heroism than the precepts. The book escapes the trite treatment of works of this stripe and accomplishes the re-integration of man through a spiritual zoning other than the traditional retreat build. The chapters on the Gifts of the Holy Ghost are conspicuously excellent and dashed with Thomistic commentary, which is evidential throughout the work. Those who preach retreats will welcome this book for the art of imitation; those who make retreats will welcome it for the art of sanctification; and those outside convents and cloisters will gather from its coverage solid nourishment for the nurturing of the life of the spirit.

*Burns, Oates & Washbourne, London. 5s*

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## House of Cards

By ALICE CURTAYNE

*House of Cards* is a sensible Catholic novel. Its theme is the career woman. And its moral? Mere career in the life of a woman is cheerless comfort for heart starvation and frustrated instinct. The lonely life is emptiness. It is unnatural, though it might reasonably and experimentally be supernatural. But supernatural introduces an idealism and a vitality which is above position and the lonely security which is not the normal destiny of women. Alice Curtayne fits these understandings skillfully into the career of a very determined "Bella Bionda," an Irish maiden of character, charm and personality.

It has been said, and it is more than evident, that Alice Curtayne reveals delicacies of precision in her choice of words. And the theme of her current novel, too, is one which many should consider wisely. But it might be said that *House of Cards* could have been more a novel and less a travelogue spiced with "elite and only elite" recreations. And then the love interest is very, very thin with too much unearthly sensibility about the too briefly treated crisis in the novel. And one could wish as well that there were fewer evidences of strain and effort to edify. But *House of Cards* can be recommended as emphatically profitable reading.

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By E. MERSCH, S.J.

This is a study which first appeared in a French theological magazine in 1928. It has been translated into English with notes by an anonymous translator. The author has a keenly analytical mind. He goes beyond the surface of things and shows what love, marriage and chastity are in themselves and in the light of Christian principles. Much of the book is abstract and may be difficult to follow by the ordinary reader, but the good to be had will repay effort. One will lay down the book with a more elevated idea of what the above words mean and with the resolution to live according to the Christian viewpoint.

Sheed &amp; Ward, New York. \$1.25.

## HOME AND HOLIDAY VERSE

Edited by LOUELLA EVERETT

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Haleyon House, New York. \$1.98

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By A SISTER OF ST. JOSEPH

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Peter Reilly Co., Philadelphia, Pa., \$3.75.

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Promise rather than accomplishment characterizes this first book. Miss Aaron has an eye imperious to passing beauty, an ear attuned to the lilt of casual song; but her melodic gift and quick nervous perceptions must become vascular in more fibrous verse. Publication is a bit premature. Over-inclusiveness has produced a book indeed, but the residue of really charming and singable lyrics is tarnished by comparison.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$1.25.

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Lent comes early this year. For special reading we suggest Anthony Thorold's **THE MASS AND THE LIFE OF PRAYER** (\$1.50), the pith of the Liturgical movement with a study of prayer as an attitude to life, and Father Leen's **WHY THE CROSS?** (\$2.50), which the author himself considers his best book. Some of the essays of Father Leonard Feeney's **YOU'D BETTER COME QUIETLY** (\$2.00), are spiritual reading—but perhaps it isn't fair to recommend the same book especially for Christmas and especially for Lent. But we like Father Feeney all the year round, and you can't stay perfectly serious all through Lent any more than you can laugh all the time from Christmas to Epiphany. Then there is Father Ward's **GOD IN AN IRISH KITCHEN** (\$2.50), which will show you how weak spirituality is amongst us, compared to the way they take it on St. Patrick's mountain or Lough Derg. And Dorothy Day's **HOUSE OF HOSPITALITY** (\$2.50), which will show you what American holiness at its best can be, and make you humble all over again. Well, we wish you a good Lent!

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*D. B. Hansen & Sons, Chicago, Ill. \$.30*

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By SISTER ELEANOR, C.S.C.

This book is written with a virile pen. In charmingly simple style it shows the *raison d'être* of devotion to Our Lady, based on solid proofs from the Prophecies, the New Testament, Tradition and History.

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Dominic did not originate, but rather popularized, the Rosary? Such and many other facts of Mariology are interestingly presented in this book. Herein will be found an account of her officially approved sanctuaries that are irrefutable, standing answers to unbelievers—places which Mary herself visited: the Miraculous Medal Shrine, Lourdes, Pontmain and LaSalette.

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*Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., \$2.00.*

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## THE INDEX

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This detailed index lists all the books reviewed in THE SIGN during that year.

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# CONFRATERNITY

## of the Most Holy Cross and Passion

### Catholic Action in Action

**T**HAT the Son of God should be crucified for us is a mystery of love. That we should forget His sufferings and death is a greater mystery of shame.

Every grace we have here, and our every hope of salvation hereafter, are absolutely bound up with the Most Holy Cross and Passion of Christ.

Now the purpose of this Confraternity is not only to keep alive in our own hearts a personal love for Christ, but to spread the "good odor of Christ on all sides." And therefore, especially during this holy season of Lent, we directors, promoters, and faithful members propose to spread this devotion:

First: By telling as many people as possible about the Confraternity of the Sacred Passion.

Second: By spreading devotion to the Crucifix as best we can.

Third: By cultivating and encouraging devout attendance at Holy Mass with Holy Communion on Fridays, or daily if possible, as the best expression of our love and devotion to Christ Crucified.

*Will you join us?*

The latest leaflet is attractive and interesting—but for personal distribution only. A limited number will be sent on request to promoters and those desiring to be true co-operators with the Passionists in following out this program of Catholic Action. Every application will receive my personal attention and a reply. There are no dues attached to membership, nor any obligation whatever binding under pain of sin. A few stamps to help cover cost of printing and postage will be gratefully accepted—but even that is left to your own good will and circumstances. Holy Mass will be offered every Friday of Lent for those who advance this salutary work.

FATHER RAYMUND, C.P., DIRECTOR  
UNION CITY, N. J.

ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY

## GEMMA'S LEAGUE OF PRAYER

**B**LESSED Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of this League.

Its purpose is to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionaries. One should have the general intention of offering these prayers for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to Gemma's League, in care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

### SPIRITUAL TREASURY

For the Month of January, 1940

Masses Said .....	13
Masses Heard .....	33,110
Holy Communions .....	2,625
Visits to B. Sacrament .....	29,091
Spiritual Communions .....	21,485
Benediction Services .....	5,807
Sacrifices, Sufferings .....	16,525
Stations of the Cross .....	6,800
Visits to the Crucifix .....	559,606
Beads of the Five Wounds .....	12,700
Offerings of PP. Blood .....	29,407
Visits to Our Lady .....	68,191
Rosaries .....	12,385
Beads of the Seven Dolors .....	12,841
Ejaculatory Prayers .....	1,061,071
Hours of Study, Reading .....	21,842
Hours of Labor .....	18,315
Acts of Kindness, Charity .....	10,657
Acts of Zeal .....	49,599
Prayers, Devotions .....	146,511
Hours of Silence .....	7,941
Various Works .....	44,747
Holy Hours .....	5

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all the faithful departed through  
the mercy of God rest in peace.  
—Amen.

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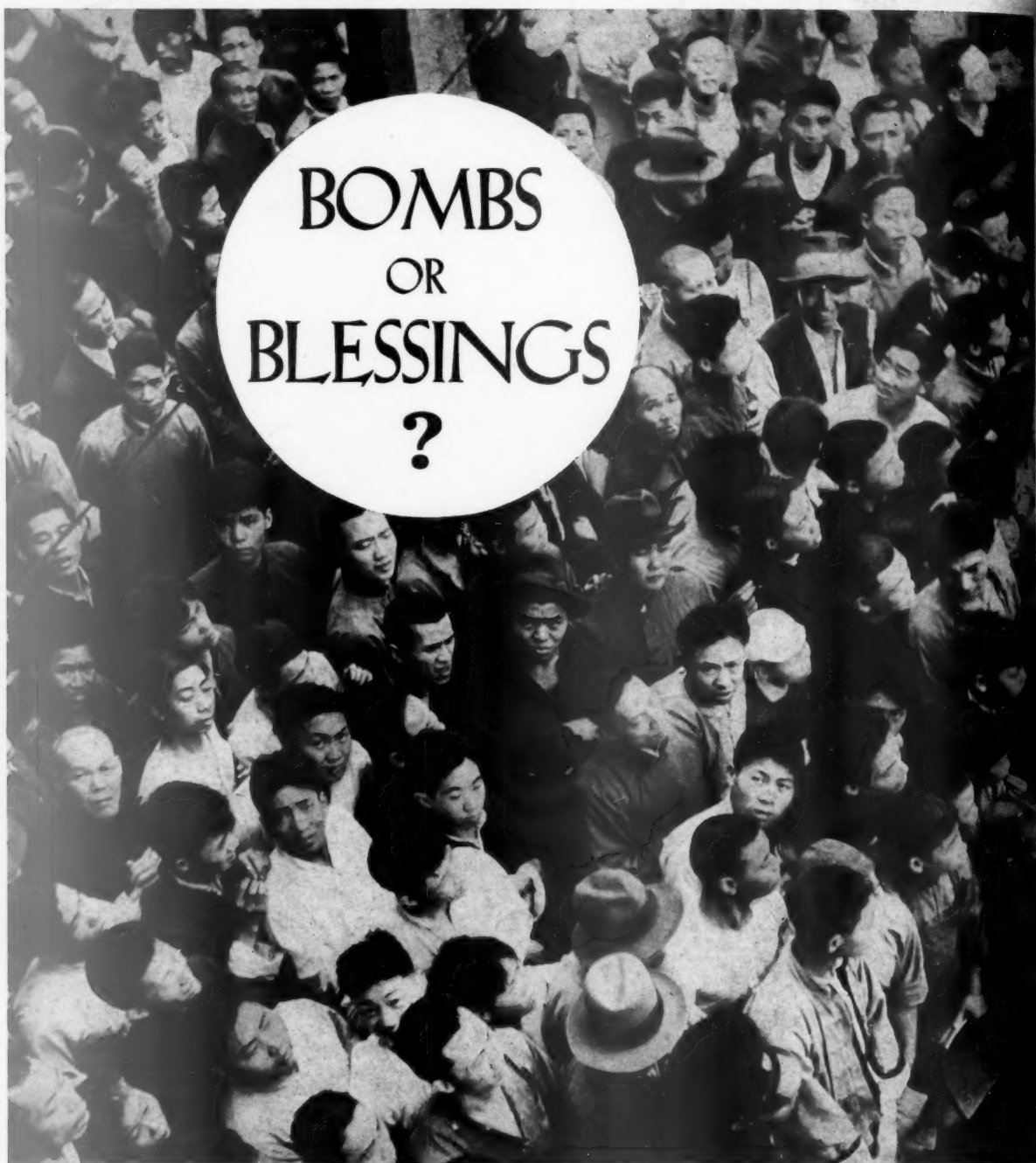
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